BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 9999 08654 282 4

No. 7588.398

THE TRUSTEES OF THE
PUBLIC LIBRARY
OMNIVM
LVX
CIVIVM
OF THE CITY OF
BOSTON
1852 1878

Boston Public Library

This book is to be returned to the Library on or before the date last stamped below.

APR -1 1953		
Scottish Mar		
30 Belvidere St		
56 pd at Bri 5/8/53		

FORM NO. 609: 11.28.52: 50M.

5

LIFE OF THE

VERY REVEREND

THEOBALD MATHEW,

The Great Apostle of Temperance.

Theobald Mathew

"He reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to co
Acts x me."
xiv, 25.

BOSTON,

PUBLISHED BY W. R. DAVIS, 16 STATE STREET.

1849.

PUBLIC LIBRARY
OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

LIFE OF

FATHER MATHEW,

THE GREAT APOSTLE OF TEMPERANCE.

CHAPTER I.

"Tis no dishonor—no—
'Tis no dishonor, to have loved this man."

Far over the water there was, and probably is now, a small, neat Capuchin Friary in the city of Cork, located in an obscure place, called Blackamoors Lane. Small as it is, it possesses some historic interest from the fact that it was built by Arthur O'Leary, from whom it received the name, Father O'Leary's Chapel. It is quite a small edifice, exceedingly plain and simple upon the outside, and yet it is neat and comfortable within, and fitted up with some taste. The neighborhood where it is situated is very poor and much neglected. Poverty and wretchedness were the lot of its inhabitants.

Nearly, or quite thirty years since, a young Capuchin joined the mission attached to this humble Chapel. In appearance as well as in reality, he was very youthful, and strikingly handsome. About the middle stature, active and well formed in body, he was, even at that age, the cynosure of all eyes. With a comely and ingratiating presence, his countenance, in which natural courtesy and religious feeling strove for the ascendency, was the index of his disposition. He had a manly complexion—eyes large, bright and sweet in expression—a slightly curved nose, rounded cheeks—and black hair. In the words of Massinger,

"——— the fair outside
Was but the cover of a fairer mind."

To great suavity of manners, which was a prominent characteristic of his deportment, he joined dignity of carriage, and a composed serenity of mind. A steady self-control presided over all his acts and emotions. A cordial politeness, and unvarying affability distinguished him. From every lineament of his fine, expressive countenance, beamed a moral power which every one felt who came into his presence. To the higher classes he was exceedingly respectful, and was always considered by them as one of their order—to the poor he was so gentle in his bearing, and so patient of their little requests and petitions—so earnest in pleading their cause, and what was better than kind words, or noble speeches, so practically useful and humane, that they also (the more christian compliment) regarded him as one of themselves.

This handsome, courteous, kind and popular young Friar, was a stranger in Cork. But who is the handsome young man? Is the writer drawing on his imagination for his facts, and describing the hero of a work of fiction which at this age of the world is coined in the brain with such wonderful facility, and thrown off from the Press with such remarkable rapidity? No—this young man, just as we have described him, was Theobald Mathew. He was born at Thomastown, on the 10th Oct. A D 1790, near Cashel, in the County of Tipperary, and was left an orphan at an early age. His father, James Mathew, of Thomastown, son of James Mathew, of Two-mile Borris, near Thurles, having lost his parents when a child, was taken under the care and patronage of the well known Major General Montague Mathew, brother of the Earl of Llandaff. Mr. James Mathew, the younger, married a daughter of George Whyte, Esq.,

of Cappawhyte, who was married to a niece of the celebrated Mr. Mathew, mentioned in Sheridan's life of Swift.

Mr. Mathew had a large family, all of whom were remarkable for beauty of appearance, grace of manner, and energy of character. Mr. Charles Mathew, brother of the subject of these memoirs, acquired a large fortune, and is a gentleman of high respectability in the city of Cork, near which he resides at a very handsome seat. Two other brothers became eminent distillers at Cashel.

When Mr. Mathew lost his parents he was adopted by the late Lady Elizabeth Mathew, who placed him under the tuition of the Rev. Dennis O'Donnel, parish priest of Tallagh in the County of Waterford. At thirteen years of age,he was sent to the lay Academy of Kilkenny, where he became a great favorite of the Rev. Patrick Magrath, the head of that establishment. After having remained there for seven years, he was by the direction of the Most Rev. Dr. Bray, sent to Maynooth, where he pursued ecclesiastical studies for some time. Two aged Capuchin Friars induced him to become a member of their order. Being thus persuaded by two venerable men, he went with them to Kilkenny, where he remained until appointed to Cork. On Easter Sunday, in 1814 he was ordained in Dublin, by Doctor, Murray, after having been for some time under the care of the Very Rev. Celestine Corcoran.

At the period of his life when he first attracted attention in Cork, an observer might have classed him, but for his years, as one of that portion of the Irish clergy who were French by sympathy and education, and had imbibed their ideas of life under *la vieille cour*. The habitual polish of his manner, quite free from aristocratic *morgue*, indicated a man of refinement, accustomed to move in those circles where elegance is worshipped as a minor deity. His early intimacy with persons distinguished for their manners and address may have contributed to the polish of his outward bearing; but, after all, politeness with Mr. Mathew was unquestionably a dictate of his heart—an impulse of his nature. Attention to his solemn duties was never weakened by the discharge of the trivial homages which the artificiality of society exacts from all its members. If he never shocked the social prejudices of the aristocratic classes, neither did he cringe to them, nor dally with their vices, nor preach, in glaring style, doctrines palateable to their ears.

On the other hand, in his intercourse with the humble poor, he did not inflame their feelings of wrong to exasperation by rash appeals as political demagogues sometimes make to the worst passions and prejudices of human nature, or, by bitter speeches, add fuel to their animosities, and yet it would be difficult to say with which extreme of society he was most popular. It is indeed a curious and interesting fact that both claimed him as a clergyman after their own desires—in itself a satisfactory proof that as he was not a courtier of the great, so neither was he an incendiary among the people. He had a power over the excitable masses which he could have exercised to great injury—even to rebellion against the laws and government of his country, but this power he never wielded for any such purposes. His object always was to meliorate the condition of the people, make them virtuous, intelligent and happy. No sordid schemes of self agrandizement ever entered his heart. The great looked upon him as their equal, and the poor and humble as their friend. He had free access to all classes of society, and found avenues to every heart. The rich, the poor, the high or low, all loved and respected him for the moral goodness which shone in all his actions. There were none so high but they acknowledged his power, and none so low but they felt his kindness.

Having such a kind, courteous head, in a few days his Friary became a very fashionable resort. Thither the devout and beautiful belle went to enjoy Mass later by an hour than could be heard in any other chapel in Cork. Early in the morning and late in the evening Beauty and Fashion might be seen in most humble attitude before the altar. The cream of the Catholic society was there. Mr. Mathew himself was always at the door to receive his visitors at his place of worship. But while his notice and attention were anxiously sought by the rich and gay, no confessional was beseiged by the poor with the same ardor as that where our own Father Mathew sat to rebuke vice, assuage grief, and console misery.

Possibly, in the same space of time, no Catholic clergyman in Ireland has exerted so wide an influence in the confessional as Mr. Mathew has done. If the number of those who sought his counsel be admitted as a test of his capacity, he

must be considered as the greatest of spiritual guides.

The innate gentleness of his character and the engaging tenderness of his manners, soothed the troubled spirit, while his guileless sympathy and earnest desire to discharge his whole duty without offence, secured to him the unreserved confidence of those who would have scorned to bare their bosoms before course and unfeeling terrorists. The wonderful success of Father Mathew as a confessor of haughty minds, and a consoler of proud, though broken hearts, may afford solemn matter for the consideration of the clergy of all denominations. His whole life has been controled, and every emotion governed by the true spirit of the Gospel. The law of love and kindness has ever been in his heart and on his lips. However much others may differ from him in their religious opinion, they must confess that all his acts have been governed by the genuine spirit of Christianity.

Never was there a more sincere Catholic in any age of the Church—never did any of the saints more devoutly submit their understandings to the teachings of St Peter's Chair, than did Mr. Mathew. No clergyman in Ireland was less obnoxious to the charge of esotericism—to the imputation of believing less than he taught. Perfectly free from superstition and all those embarrassments which it brings upon the soul, it was the character of his mind to favor the extreme of devotion, rather than to incline to incredulity. He always guarded against the deleterious influence of latitudinarian principles, believing it better to be too severe than too loose and incredulous. But in all this severity of devotion and strictness of principle, love and kindness shone out brightly from all his acts. Exclusive as he was, the fact is certain that his success as a religious minister as far exceeded that of his reverend brethren of Cork, as his triumphant advocacy of Temperance has transcended the labors of all the Teetotallers on the face of the globe.

Much of this success, no doubt, is due to the moral ascendency that he acquired by the paramount individuality, and original force of his character. Some of it is due also to his having exhibited Religion in a more lovely aspect than that in which it is often presented to the mind. He delighted to dwell on the good and fair rather than descant on the dark and terrible. He labored to bring souls to heaven by the love of God, rather than to rescue them from hell by the terror of the devil. In short, judging by the course of his instructions, he might be pronounced a follower of Fenelon, rather than a pupil of Bossuer. Free from mawkish cant of perfectability, he had a quick eye for the worth of humanity, as well as a keen sense of its degeneracy. A thorough Catholic in his belief, he was eminently a Christian to all men, and philosophy might seek in vain for sounder views of men's destiny than those which inspired the feelings and ruled the purposes of this simple, affectionate, and philanthropic Friar.

It has already been remarked that he was the companion of the rich, and the idol of the poor amongst the Catholics of Cork; but this was not all; for another distinctive feature in his character must be pointed out as deserving the highest commendation and praise. His deportment towards Protestants was always characterized by manliness and courtesy. As it was not in his nature to cringe or succumb, so neither was it in his disposition to be intolerant or rude. The heavenly spirit of Christianity as breathed forth in the New Testament invaribly governed his intercourse with those who held to creeds different from his own. Mindful of the charities of society, he preserved his own dignity, while he acknowledged the legitimate claims of others to respect. His close intimacy with very many Protestants and Tories, from whom he necessarily differed widely on most questions that divide opinion, was strikingly characteristic of his disposition, and the benevolence of his heart.

The late Dr. Lawrence, Protestant Bishop of Cork, in handing him a subscription to his Poor school said, "Well, Mr. Mathew, as I can't make their children Protestants, I have no doubt but that *you* will make them good Catholics." In the leading Seminary in the South of Ireland, established by Mr. Hamblin and Dr. Porter, who had done so much to raise the standard of education in Munster, Mr. Mathew was invited many years since to give instruction to the Catholic pupils. His discharge of that office was no less remarkable than many other labors of his life. He sedulously inculcated into the minds of his young hearers the great principles of charity and toleration of opinions. He sought to raise these young minds above party feelings, and sectarian prejudices, and infused into their hearts a conciliatory and forgiving spirit. From few of

his hearers could the lessons taught them by that noble minded man be ever obliterated.

Another characteristic which distinguished him from many others may here be properly adverted to, and one too which must elevate him in the estimation of all sensible, judicious men. He kept aloof from politics. His sacerdotal robes were never soiled by the corruptions of political warfare. He has not been known to take any public part in political manifestations, nor did questions exclusively of that nature attract his attention in private. Judging by his personal character, he is altogether unfitted for party warfare. Far too conscientious to become a partizan, he is too calm and considerate for the violence that political excitement necessarily produces. His mind was never clouded by the exciting topics of party politics, nor the sensibilities of his heart blunted by the asperities and bitterness of political strife. No mere party question of that nature ever drove him from seeking the good of his fellow creatures. Rather than seek the elevation of one party on the ruins of another, he was anxious to raise all and make them better husbands, fathers, and citizens of the world.

In those days, before the advent of Teetotalism, Mr. Mathew was noticeable for many good religious works on a large scale when taken by themselves, although they necessarily dwindle in comparison with his onslaught against the vice of Intemperance. The Josephean society was established and fostered under his own patronage. It was composed principally of young men of a respectable station in life, and its object was to visit the sick and distressed. Its members went about in small parties, and by ministering to spiritual as well as bodily wants, imparted no ordinary consolation to the forlorn and destitute subjects of sorrow and disease. They read, they prayed, by the side of the sick and dying—they afforded such help as their finances admitted to those that would have starved in their garrets, but for their charitable assistance and relief; they often brought under the eyes of the benevolent cases of deserving though unfortunate families,—such cases as might never have come to light but for their indefatigable labors of love. This was indeed a highly valuable association. How many hearts there are which can and will feel when miserable objects are ferretted out and presented to view, but which will not hunt them up! The virtuous members of this society discharged all those duties, with the exception of nursing, which Sisters of Charity undertake. They might appropriately be called Brothers of Charity. It is proper to observe that the members were bound by no oaths—that they were laymen, engaged in the ordinary vocations of life, distinguished from their neighbors, not by an ecclesiastical rank or discipline, but by a greater piety and zeal in the performance of good works. Whether the subject of these Memoirs was the originator of this admirable association is not fully ascertained; but the general impression is that he was. One thing is absolutely certain that he was its presiding spirit, and that it maintained its existence and usefulness chiefly through his steadfast support, and pious counsel. He went about with the Josepheans himself, and instructed them by his own powerful example in the best mode of administering the consolation tion they sought to impart.

A female Poor School was also attached to his Friary. He was not satisfied with performing the functions of his clerical office, but the education of children enlisted his sympathies, and obtained his zealous attention. There were three other Friards in Cork on a far larger scale than that to which he was attached, but to none of them were united schools for the poor. He established one closely adjoining his chapel, and by his peculiar management obtained the support of the elite of the Roman Catholic ladies who by turns discharged the duties of governesses. A great amount of good was done by this school. The good effects were soon visible in many families.

His watchful regard for the interests of the poor and unfortunate did not rest here. His ever active and benevolent spirit not only sought the good of the living, but also the decent burial of the poor. Some years since, the principal grave-yards of Cork were connected entirely with Protestant Churches. Unfortunately some offence was offered to the Catholic clergy on some occasions while praying over the dead. A suitable place of burial for Roman Catholics was much wanted, but none interested themselves in procuring it. A very large Botanical garden was situated to the South of Cork. It contained several acres, and was a circular piece of ground, in the centre of which was a large enclosed garden where the varieties of the collection were kept. This

garden had formerly belonged to the Royal Cork Institution, which, after grants had been lavished, fell to the ground amidst the disgraceful indifference of the public. Mr. Mathew purchased this spot for a cemetry, and it now forms one of the most beautiful and interesting places in Cork. It is incomparably the handsomest burial ground in the whole of Ireland, being on a large scale and unequalled for the number and beauty of its monuments. Some of the wealthiest citizens have purchased ground there, and monumental obelisks, votive urns, and several tablets meet the eye in every direction. Cypresses, laurels and flowering shrubs are tastefully planted at intervals, and gravel walks traverse all parts of the enclosure. And what is better than all, a very large space of ground has been appropriated to the poor.

The Roman Catholic churches of Cork were very unworthy temples for so wealthy and religious a community. Nothing could be plainer, even to meagreness than the character of their external and internal architecture, and, with the exception of the altars, they were as unadorned as Dissenting chapels—besides they were not large enough for the thronging congregations that filled them. About ten years ago a general feeling arose amongst the Ecclesiastics of Cork that some effort should be made to obtain handsome edifices. Cork is divided by the Catholic Church into three enormous parishes. The Cathedral is situated in the Northern Division, having been built under the auspices of the Bishop, and cost a very large sum of money. Outside it is plain and vulgar; but inside it is decorated profusely with carved wood-work of a mongrel Gothic order. It seems that the Bishop had also resolved to erect a chapel of ease at the eastern extremity of his parish where it was much wanted, and just at the same time, the Dominician Friars, residing in the same parish, had determined to ask the aid of the citizens in helping them to build a spacious church for their order. It was thought that the Catholics could not well afford to raise two new churches at the same time, as in those days the citizens had heavy contributions to make to the cholera funds, and the stirring political agitation consequent on the Reform bill, the Repeal movement and the Anti-Tithe crusade. While many doubted the judiciousness of the Bishop and Dominicans, both appealing at the same time to the citizens, and suggested that the latter should give way to their superior, all the Catholics were startled by the announcement that Mr. Mathew also had resolved to commence a new chapel, for which pious persons had left him large donations, but for the erection of which he should require the liberal aid of the citizens. No better proof can be given of how much social influence he possessed than the statement of this simple fact. Before long, three bodies of collectors vied with each other in soliciting aid for the three new chapels, one of which (the Bishops) was in King street, Mr. Mathew's at the corner of Queen street, and the Dominicans on the Pope's Quay—a singular conjunction of names.

Mr. Mathew's chapel is the only one of the three unfinished, but already more money has been expended on it than upon the other two, which are very handsome and costly structures. It can hardly be finished under a sum of twenty thousand pounds. It is of hewn stone, in the painted gothic style, and will be the finest architectural ornament of Cork. It is an interesting fact that the only religious procession ever seen for an immense period in Cork was at the laying of the foundation stone of this edifice, a ceremony that was performed with great pomp, in which the City members and other leading persons took a prominent part.

It will readily be perceived by the reader that a man possessing such kindness of heart, such impulses and sensibilities must be well qualified to enter the field against the monster vice, Intemperance. He was a Washingtonian in principle long before he ever heard of the name. Without the experience of the Reformed Drunkard, he knew what course to adopt to win over to the side of Teetotalism those who had become slaves to their appetite. Long had he practised the law of love and kindness—long had he preached that love which leads to repentance, and makes men forsake their evil habits, before the heavenly light dawned upon his soul that the vice of Intemperance could be banished from the world by the same gentle means and appliances.

CHAPTER II.

When Father Mathew was appointed to his mission in Cork, then he began his career of usefulness. It has already been noticed that he was not satisfied with merely studying his sermons, and delivering them to the people of his

charge, but he literally went about doing good to all. Ever active, and ever zealous, he knew no rest from his labors of love, save that which tired nature must always have. Whatever time remained to him after the discharge of the duties belonging to his sacerdotal office, he devoted to the relief of the poor, and to the comfort of those in affliction. He was a ministering angel not only in the confessional, in the pulpit, at the bedside of the sick and dying, but he devoted much of his time to the management of the temporal concerns of his people. He has been appointed, and has acted as executor to the wills of hundreds who had no friends on whom they could rely. Many a head of a family has died more happy because he had the privilege of committing his bereft family to the care of this good man; and many a widowed mother, whose thoughts at the hour of death were threatened to be entirely absorbed in natural solicitude for her helpless and sorrowing children, has been taught quiet and resignation, by consigning to his protection and care the tender members of her departed consort.

The ardor of his charity increased as the acts of his benevolence and zeal became multiplied. He was never known to falter as the work of charity increased upon his hands. With the authority of his sacred profession, he combined the peaceful interference of the civil magistrate. On many occasions he has adjudicated cases involving much property, quietly settled family feuds, and sowed the seeds of peace and tranquility in those hearts which had been the theatre of much bickering and dispute. His charities extended far beyond his means, and when his last shilling was divided among the poor and destitute, he would still counsel and advise some way by which relief could be obtained. It has been beautifully conjectured by one writer that Father Mathew while standing in the burial ground which he purchased himself, in this place of retirement, where the confines of the two worlds seem to meet, might have first conceived the holy and exalted project of regenerating his fellow countrymen, and lifting them from the depths of degredation into which Intemperance had plunged them. The thought is indeed a beautiful one, for we cannot well think of a more fit place for such holy contemplations, than such a sacred spot. No doubt he attended many funerals which were hurried on by the too frequent use of whiskey, and although it had been said that the Irish should abandon their nature when they would abandon their whiskey, yet this good man was not to be discouraged by such supposed axioms, or driven from his heaven born purpose of redeeming his countymen from this cruel bondage. The thought did flash upon his soul that the folds of this degrading habit might be broken, and it matters not where he first conceived the sacred design—whether while musing in his own purchased grave-yard, or while standing before the holy altar in his chapel, ministering to the spiritual wants of his flock, and revealing the truths of the sacred writings. The heavens were opened and he received from the parting skies an impulse which he did not disregard. The day had come when this revered man was to quit his comparatively private sphere and enter upon a more enlarged field of operations, there to enact a work, as has been well said the most singular, the most glorious, the most important in its consequences, and rapid in its results, that man has performed from the days of the first Apostles to the present time. Obedient to this heavenly impulse he went forward in the glorious work, believing it to be as dear as the interests of humanity, and as authoritative as the voice of God.

When the subject of this biography first entered upon his career of rescuing the drunkard, the cause of Temperance was at a very low ebb. The burning tide of Intemperance was spreading its fearful ravages over the Emerald Isle, and scorching and withering every thing valuable in its course. It is true that some of the "Society of Friends" in Cork had formed themselves into a temperance association, and had attempted to rescue their countrymen from their debasing habits, but their efforts, if not entirely ineffectual, were not so successful as they could wish. Being aware of Mr Mathew's merited influence, and the moral power which he exercised for the spiritual good of his people, they invited him to enlist himself in their laudable enterprize. The names of these friends are not known to the writer, and for this he feels regret, for nothing would be more pleasing than to spread such hallowed names upon these records, and hand them down to the latest posterity as great and good benefactors of the human race.

There is one circumstance, however, which is worthy of remembrance. A respectable Protestant named Olden, a-

ware of Mr. Matthew's aptitude for such an enterprize, asked him to join the temperance mission, and addressed to him the following words:—"Mr. Mathew, you have got the mission, do not reject it." He resolved at once to join and to give the hallowed cause the aid of his zeal, his influence, and his talents. Thus did this great Apostle of Temperance begin his glorious work which has bound up so many bleeding hearts, relieved so many tears.

For a year and a half, he preserved the even tenor of his way amidst many discouragements. He was sustained by the approving smiles of some, having the obloquy of more, and discountenanced even in quarters whence he had reason to expect valuable support, and hearty co-operation. Nothing daunted, he entered upon his course, fully resolved that nothing but death should compel him to depart from it, and many millions of his countrymen, and the friends of humanity all over the civilized world are now rejoicing that he still persevered in this hallowed work. In a place at Cork called the "Horse Bazaar," he held his regular Temperance meetings twice a week, on Fridays and Saturdays. How deeply interesting to the friends of this holy cause to look back at these small beginnings and see what a mighty influence has come from them, and spread through the mass of mind, waking up the energies of the human intellect, and throwing round millions of souls the bright halo of Temperance! How strikingly similar in some particulars were these little meetings at the "Horse Bazaar" in Cork to those held in the "Carpenter's shop" at Baltimore on this side of the Atlantic! How great a fire a little spark will kindle! Surely the Spirit of Heaven was in both places, and the power of the great Creator most signally manifested. Who will now dare say this is not the work of Him who feeds the young ravens when they cry, and notices the little sparrow when it falls to the ground.

But to return to our narrative, and leave these reflections for some other place in these pages. The members of his Society increased gradually,—the most obdurate and hardened drunkards in the city enrolled themselves in the 'Cork Total Abstinence Association.' Every day, and at each successive meeting at the "Horse Bazaar" a deeper interest was manifested, and the presiding genius of those meetings was strengthened, and his power increased. Mothers came to him and blessed him for saving their sons,—wives fell down and almost worshipped him for restoring their husbands to sobriety and usefulness, and the beautiful *belles* kept not back their praises because their lovers had signed the hallowed Pledge, and now they did not fear that they should have drunken companions. The aristocracy of the city looked on and wondered at such demonstrations. The wealthy and the noble had no feeling for the poor inebriate as he came up from his degredation and enrolled his name, with a trembling hand and beating heart, upon the Pledge, but the human instrumentality they could not but respect; for they claimed him as belonging to their ranks, and breathing their high atmosphere. Even among them there was a power, a holy influence at work which they could not resist. It impressed itself upon their hearts, and they could not shake off the impression. While taking their wine it would flash upon their minds, and almost induce them to dash the fatal cups from their lips. During this time while all classes, ranks and conditions in the city, were more or less affected by this moral influence, the master spirit of the enterprise was steadfastly pursuing his work, and adding name after name to the hallowed Pledge.

Soon along the banks of the Shannon his fame began to travel. First the men of Kilrush came to enroll their names; then some hundreds from Kerry—then many from Limerick were awakened from their drunken slumbers, until the sacred work burst forth in all its moral grandeur, and spread its hallowed influence all over the island, cheering millions of hearts, and lighting up even the distant cot of the Galway fisherman, over which the murky cloud of Intemperance had long been spread like a pall, shutting out the light of heaven, and casting a sickly gloom on the countenances of its inmates. The public mind now begun to arouse, and shake itself from its long and fatal lethargy. The lightning flashes from the opening heavens began to illume the dark places, and to show to the astonished multitudes this enormous evil in all its naked deformity. New light was continually breaking upon the human mind, and revealing to each heart the dangers which lurked in the dreadful, sparkling wine cup. Although the law of love and kindness had been proclaimed for eighteen centuries, and its grateful tones

sounding over both continents and the isles of the sea, yet it seemed now for the first time to be understood and properly appreciated. The poor drunkard not only reformed and became a sober man, but his heart was fired with a new born love to rescue his fellow man from the same vice to which he had been subjected for so many years. He was not satisfied that he was saved himself, but the holy aspirations of his heart went out after his unfortunate companions that they also might be saved from this blighting, withering curse.

From these "Horse Bazaar" meetings a powerful influence had gone out, and spread itself far and wide, preparing the way for the master spirit's greater usefulness, and extending the field of his operations. We cannot pass without particularly noticing the great scene which first gave to the moral enterprise the character of a national movement. This occurred on Mr. Mathew's visit to Limerick. He went to that place on the invitation of Doctor Ryan, the Roman Catholic Bishop, to preach a sermon for some charitable purpose ; and it so happened in the order of events that about the same time the Rev. gentleman had received the following heart cheering letter from Mr. Fitzgerald, the Mayor of Limerick.

"As coroner, the numerous instances of sudden and awful deaths, arising from intemperance, which came under my observation, were most appalling. I have held about one hundred and fifty inquests since the first of October, 1838, and I can safely affirm, that one half of that number were caused, directly or indirectly, by intoxicating liquors. There were eight cases of deaths by drowning, several by burning, and many from apoplexy, while in a state of intoxication ; and within a short period, four individuals committed suicide while under the hellish influence of strong drink. But I thank God a brighter prospect is now dawning.

"Your unparalleled exertions in the cause of Temperance, have been, under God, renewed with the most signal success, and I believe in no place more so than in Limerick. A moral regeneration has taken place among the people of this city which is really most astonishing and truly gratifying to every philanthropic mind.

"Our police reports are much lessened, petty sessions business reduced, and even summonses in the court of conscience has fallen off one-third. Our streets and places of public resort are regular and quiet ; and that which must be most gratifying to you, is the fact, that although reports have at different times been industriously circulated of members of your society having broken the Temperance pledge, I have not been able to make out a solitary instance of such being the fact. But those who have for so many years fattened on the demoralization of the people, *will die hard*, although they may as well give up the ghost quietly, as their game is completely up.

"That you may live long to continue the public work you have so successfully under taken, is the sincere wish of Rev. sir.

Your very faithful humble servant.

O. H. Fitzgerald.

It would seem from the above well written,and sensible letter that the worthy Bishop or any one else supposed that much remained to be done in the glorious cause within the precints of this city, or vicinity, as many hundreds had gone forward and signed the pledge ; but these good friends found themselves greatly mistaken, for on the arrival of Mr. Mathew, the intelligence went abroad, (his fame already having preceded him) and myriads from the surrounding counties began to pour in, and to fill the streets with dense masses of human beings, all apparently anxious to touch even the hem of this moral regenerator's garment. So great was the rush of the people that the iron railing of the house of Mr. Dunbar in which he had stopped, was carried away, and quite a number of persons were plunged in the waters of the Shannon, but fortunately no lives were lost.

Such a number had assembled on this occasion, it became necessary that persons should be appointed to keep order among the populace. The Scots Greys, a horse company, were deputed for this purpose, but so dense was the crowd that some of the horses and riders were occasionally lifted from the ground and carried some considerable distance by the rushing multitude. And it is also stated as a fact by those who witnessed this thrilling scene, that several persons in their eagerness to approach Mr. Mathew, ran along quietly and securely upon the heads and shoulders of this vast assemblage, determined at all hazards, and at the risk of trampling upon their fellow creatures, to reach the master spirit of the scene. Never were the masses so excited on any previous oc

casion. Men, women and children were pressing forward as if but to touch this good man would be their salvation.

We have been thus particular in describing this scene because it was the first occasion which gave the "odor of nationality" to the moral enterprize. It seemed as if one spirit actuated every heart, and controlled every movement. The fountains of the soul were broken up, and but one thought—one feeling seemed to take possession of the multitude, and that thought was, to escape from the monster, Intemperance, which had so many years borne them down to the earth, and crushed their best hopes, and purest feelings. All at once the eyes of the multitude seemed to be opened, and they looked about themselves with superstitious fear. They gazed upon this great Apostle of Temperance as if he had been specially commissioned and sent from another world to slay that Demon which they now so much dreaded. Their superstitious fears clothed him with supernatural powers, and gave him an influence which but few men in this world ever possessed. This power he exercised in the true spirit of Christianity. It was for their best good he labored, and spent his strength. Opposed he was by some, but the current of public feeling was so strong in his favor that but few, if any, dared accuse him of selfish views or ambitious projects.

Many have speculated upon the causes which gave him such a irresistable power over the masses of his countrymen. Some attribute it to one cause, and some to another. It is supposed by some writers that Romanism has much to do with this question, and that the Irish population are so much under the power of the priests that to this cause "to a great extent" may be traced his influence over the masses. It may true that the Roman Catholic religion is one of the most formidable beliefs, and has more power over its devotees than almost any other religion on earth; but then we are not disposed to give all the credit to this, or to the superstition and bigotry of the people who are believers in these peculiar doctrines. Catholic Clergymen have great control over the people, it is true, but no other Priest has been able with this instrumentality to do what Mr Mathew has done in this great moral movement. We ought not as rational men, to believe that he could have exercised such control, and wielded such a power over the unfortunate inebriates of his country through this instrumentality alone. We must look beyond all these before we can ascertain the true cause of his great moral power,—to that Power above which, no doubt, has fitted and qualified him for this great work.

CHAPTER III.

As in this country, when this great moral revolution commenced at Baltimore, among a class of men who had been considered in a hopeless state, so it was in Ireland when this great Apostle commenced his labors in behalf of Temperance, the people were groaning under a bondage more bitter than any slavery under the broad canopy of heaven. Men were steeped to the lips in the terrible vice of drunkenness. Speculate as much as we may upon this subject, it is nevertheless true that the inebriates of this country, of Ireland, and of the whole world sighed for their deliverance from the dreadful power of their appetites; but they had not the courage to break the chains which bound them in such cruel bondage. If we could read the operations of a single drunkard's mind, and transcribe the feelings of that bleeding, broken heart, we should have matter enough to fill many volumes. We should find, too, many strong wishes and ardent prayers for deliverance from this withering curse. Drunkards are not so ignorant of their situation as many may imagine. Long days and tedious nights are spent in fruitless efforts to effect their delivery. We have it from the sad experience of the many millions who have burst asunder the fetters which bound them down for so many years, that they resolved, and re-resolved, but yet continued to drink and to perpetuate their slavery, and this in direct opposition to their strongest aspirations for freedom. Such was the state of feeling among this unfortunate class of our fellow men, all over the world, when Father Matthew began his glorious work to bring men up from the depths of degradation and vice, and place them erect upon the platform of Temperance. In the order of a kind Providence, the time had come when this awful tide which was sweeping over both countries, and burying millions beneath its dark and turbid waves, must be rolled back, and human agency was employed in the great enterprise. A vast multitude on both continents had wasted their health and energies, corrupted their minds, and sent their families adrift upon the cold charities of the world to beg, to plunder or to starve. At times they saw all the misery which they had

brought upon themselves, their wives, and their little ones, and shed bitter tears of regret in secret places, but the world saw not the scalding tears which ran down their burning, bloated cheeks, nor heard the sighs which escaped from their bleeding, troubled hearts. Often were they disgusted with themselves, and would cry out in secret agony for help; yet still would they hug the chains which galled them to the quick, and again drink to drown their sorrows and their griefs.

Often had these unfortunate men heard denunciations thundered from the pulpit against drunkenness, but they heeded not the warning voice. It did not seem to come to them in the right spirit. These efforts were merely intellectual in their nature and did not reach their hearts. Loathing themselves at times as they did, still they could not bear to be denounced. Pride would rise up in their hearts and shut out all such influences, however well intended, or powerfully and eloquently set forth. There was something in the tone of such preaching which told them but too plainly that the speaker knew not how they felt.

We have before stated that Mr. Mathew's fame had gone forth. The people had heard what astonishing conversions he had been instrumental in making, how firmly his early disciples had adhered to the pledge, and how happy they were, and their families on the rock of total abstinence. The poor was encouraged in his heart that he also might free himself from these galling chains, and become a happy man. He believed that a visit to Cork would cure his dreadful malady, and once more raise him to the dignity of a man. With these views and feelings, multitudes rushed to this great Moral Reformer, and planted themselves round the white banner of Temperance which he had erected.

Thus was the public mind prepared for this moral regeneration. The *materiel* for this glorious revolution in the lives and practices of men lay scattered all over this unhappy country, and there was something inherent in the character and temperament of the Irish people, which was peculiarly calculated for such an excitement. Mr. Mathew stood among them an object of the deepest veneration. At this time all eyes were turned upon him. His well known zeal and the sanctity of his previous life—his urbanity—his devotion to the best interest of the masses—his dignity of character—his benevolence and high standing among the more aristocratic classes of his countrymen—the almost universal, if not superstitious, impression that he possessed great powers to cure, not only spiritual diseases, but even bodily infirmities—all prepared him for the great work for which he seemed specially commissioned from on High.

In Limerick, the scene where he first made these demonstrations which gave nationality to the movement, he was kindly assisted in his labors of love by many people high in office, and of great respectability of character. To all such he gave unqualified praise and on all occasions acknowledged with pleasure the obligations which he felt for the timely assistance and zeal in the good work. He was not at all jealous that others would share a part of the honors in this great moral revolution, evincing no wish to be considered the Hero, or to be thought a great man. During his whole brilliant career he never lost sight of that humility and meekness which are such bright ornaments of the christian character. We may be dazzled by the greatness of the power which he exercised over the millions which flocked around him, but after all, our admiration is most challenged by the milder virtues which so strikingly characterised his whole course in this truly wonderful enterprise.

Soon after he made such an impression in Limerick, he visited Waterford, Lismore, Ennis, Clonmel, Thurles, Cashel, Templemore, Ruthdowney, and several other places, in all of which he received the active and valuable co-operation of the Roman Catholic clergy, the civil authorities, the military and police. When he visited Cashel he received most valuable aid from Dean M'Donald, the very respectable pastor of that parish, but strange as it may seem to all who have the good of the temperance cause at heart, he found much opposition to the same cause from another clergyman of a different denomination whose name shall not disgrace these pages, although he ought to be held up to the scorn and contempt of the whole world.

A curious circumstance in relation to the temperance cause happened in Ennis, which we cannot refrain from giving to the readers of this biography. One of the curates of this town, the Rev. Mr. Hennessy, received a fictitious letter, purporting to be written by the very Rev. Mr. Mathew, declaring his intention to visit Ennis on the following day. Mr Hennessy read this letter to his congregation. The news flew with grea

rapidity in every direction, and the towns for many miles around were completely deserted. Ennis became the great centre of attraction, and was filled with a dense crowd from the adjacent country. The people of all ages and sexes turned out, *en masse*, to see and hear the great Apostle of Temperance, but no Father Mathew came. The enthusiastic multitude was much disappointed. The public newspapers, adverse to the cause of temperance, set forth in glowing colors the dreadful deeds committed by the enraged multitudes who had assembled on this occasion. These vile journals teemed with horrible disasters, bloodshed, demolition of houses, destruction of property, drunkenness and crime of every grade said to have been perpetrated by these enraged, disappointed crowds which thronged the town of Ennis, but the reports were all false, and existed nowhere except in the columns of the Tory papers.

Mr. Mathew did come, however, in the course of a few weeks after this tremendous gathering of the populace, and thousands enlisted in the war against king Alcohol under the white standard of Temperance, and were made happy and peaceful citizens, good husbands and kind fathers. He might now be said to be in the full tide of successful experiment. His fame was spread far and wide, and multitudes followed him wherever he went on his errand of mercy and love to his enthusiastic countrymen.

After the great meeting at Limerick, the next popular demonstration of the favor and enthusiasm with which the people of Ireland regarded this good man was made at Parsonstown, where the people congregated in vast multitudes from all the surrounding country, and even from parishes and counties far distant, so great was the desire and enthusiasm of the people to see the Apostle and sign the Pledge when presented to them by his own hand. At this gathering of the multitudes a large military force together with the police authorities were in attendance to preserve order. It would have been difficult to have kept such a vast congregation in proper subjection under any other circumstances, but while the white flag of Temperance waved over their heads, and the vast assemblage could gaze upon the calm dignity and heavenly countenance of him who had drawn them together, order was quite easily preserved even without the formidable display of a military force to awe the people.

The Roman Catholic Chapel, a chaste and beautifully constructed building, stands on a splendid site. At the time the great meeting was held, a large body of police was stationed in front, presenting a formidable and well disciplined force; upon the outside of these was a large company of Rifles on their bended knees; with bayonets fixed and pointed, opposing a barrier to the rushing multitudes. Within and without were stationed horse companies for the purpose of keeping the passages clear, "in all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war;" but no warlike passions were stirred within the hearts of the people; all was peace and quietness, while one general prayer ascended to heaven from wives, husbands, fathers, mothers and children, for the success of the temperance movement. Flags were flung out to the breezes of heaven—the streets, for great distances, were filled with dense masses of human beings, sending up shouts of triumph, and swinging to and fro with every new impulse, and presenting a most grand and sublime spectacle.—Within the vicarial residence sat the mild, unassuming, but extraordinary man, the great centre of attraction, and the "observed of all observers." While surrounded by this vast assemblage, and amidst all this military display, he seemed to be entirely unconscious of his power, and the excitement which pervaded all hearts. Like a rock in the midst of the heaving and swelling ocean, he remained unmoved by the exciting scenes around him, intent upon the great work he was commissioned to perform, and secretly praying to his Heavenly Father for a blessing upon the multitudes which were gathered about him. It was a scene indeed well calculated to excite the admiration and swell the hearts of all with joy who are the friends of the human race.

The following are the characteristics of his person and manners described by one writer who had a personal interview with him on this occasion.

"Mr. Mathew is of the middle stature, and built for strength and the endurement of fatigue, and entirely free from any corpulency that could impede the active exercise of his members. He is straight and erect as a young man of twenty five. His complexion is sanguine, and indicative of rude health; and on the whole, he is as good a living argument for the excellent effects of tem-

perance on the constitution as could be selected. His hair is black, very thinly if at all, interspersed with the blossoms of age. His forehead is sufficiently extended to mark him a person of clear and strong understanding—his nose Roman—his well chiselled mouth and chin denote undeviating determination, and in his soft, though animated blue eyes, there is a sweet, intelligent, benign expression. His manners are very prepossessing, being remarkable at once for their simpleness and urbanity; and if his smile be not a studied one, for the purpose of winning converts to Tee-totalism, it is naturally one of the most attractive I ever noticed. His dress is plain, and scrupulously neat, nothing *ala mode*, and nothing *ultra clerical*. It consists generally of a long black coat, vest, &c., of the same color, and clerical boots. He has a fund of good humor and patience that seems to increase in proportion as he draws upon it. Frequently is he addressed by a score of persons at a time, he is teazed and hauled, yet his temper is never ruffled—his suavity and self-possession never leave him."

This same writer says Mr. Matthew may be regarded as a professional enroller to the ranks of Tee-totalism, and never was there a more accommodating man in his profession. After spending many hours in receiving countless groups of postulants, he will stop on his way to induct even one into the Temperance Society; or he will rise from the table where he is taking some refreshment, to administer the Pledge, should he discover there is another stray sheep to be brought into the fold. The same writer says he recollected one day in particular, that he had the honor of attending him in his labors. He seemed fatigued from continual repetition of the form of induction. One man presented himself and requested to be enrolled. I said "you had better wait, sir, till a few more shall come, and then you can induct them altogether."

"Yes—my dear friend," he replied, "but don't you perceive that this man is on the point of becoming intoxicated, if I do not now receive him, he may be lost."

About this time many slanderous reports were put in circulation for no other purpose than to gratify the malignity of some, and to impede the onward progress of the Temperance cause. It was said the people were very eager to touch his person or dress, or have him lay his hand upon them, believing that the lame, blind, deaf and dumb, could thus be relieved from their physical disabilities. Their superstitions, and this unlimited veneration for the missionary of Temperance were dwelt upon to tarnish the glorious cause by its bitter enemies. The rum-sellers, whiskey-venders, and all those who still liked the "critter" set those rumors in motion, accompanied, of course, by some disparaging commentaries. This was to be expected from such classes of the community, and even now, such vile practices are resorted to by the enemies of the cause, and of man, as far as they dare do so; but thanks to Father Mathew and other champions of this glorious movement, public opinion has driven these slanders into very close quarters, and will soon consign the propagators of them to infamy and disgrace.

Now all these reports about Mr. Mathew were false; for he never pretended to possess any supernatural powers, or to be specially favored with any gifts by which he could cure bodily diseases, or work miracles of any description. It is true he did cure the dreadful malady of drunkenness, which was fast drinking up the life blood of his countrymen, by a very simple process; but in this he exercised no supernatural agency. He made million after million believe that if they would sign the Pledge, the strange power of their appetites for strong drink would leave them, and they would become sober and happy. All the power he exercised was of a moral, and not a supernatural nature. He was never severe or repulsive in his manners, always regarding with deep interest the humility of the low, and never throwing ridicule on the weakness or simplicity of the ignorant and illiterate. He looked with more favor upon those prejudices which arise from credulity than upon those which spring from malice. Perhaps in pursuing his exalted work of saving the drunkard, and of restoring him to his family, he might have adopted the hint which Mr. Moore in his history of Ireland throws out, when speaking of the introduction of Christianity. He says it was the policy of the first missionaries to adapt some of the forms and ceremonies of the Druidical superstition to the purposes of Christianity. "The outward forms of past error became the vehicle through which new and vital truths were conveyed." It is quite possible that this great missionary in the temperance movement might have taken

advantage of the excessive belief of the people in the priesthood to induce them to enroll themselves among the temperate. And if he did this, who can attach any blame to him? Surely if the envious can find nothing more than this to carp at, Mr. Mathew's character for purity and virtue will still remain unscathed, and untouched.

Mr. Moore observes that the conversion of the Irish people to Christianity was not slow and gradual, but quick and immediate. Christianity burst forth at the first ray of Apostolic light, and with the sudden ripeness of a northern summer, at once covered the whole land. Fourteen centuries have now passed since that memorable event, and many times during that long period, that Apostolic light, if not quenched, has been sadly obscured. When Mr. Mathew commenced his moral revolution, a thick moral darkness rested upon the people. Intemperance hung like a black pall over this portion of the globe, shrouding millions in worse than Egyptian darkness, and shutting out almost every ray of hope, and Father Mathew arose, and soon a bright rainbow appeared to span the Heavens, and give promise of better days. Unhappy Ireland was a nation of drunkards, but Father Mathew waives his wand, the talismanic power of which rouses the people from their dangerous and long continued slumbers, and they at once arise from their degradation and become a nation of sober men. Sudden indeed, and almost miraculous was the change. It is the work of Providence, and Father Mathew was the chosen instrumentality. We claim no higher authority for him, and his unassuming modesty and unpretending meekness would not hardly dare to claim so much.

It is well known that the Irish are of quick temperament, and of intuitive perceptions, and what they do is done quickly. When they are moved it is by a mighty impulse, and the excitement penetrates the masses like a shock of electricity when it comes in contact with good conductors. It has been beautifully said we have seen these people at one moment sacrificing at the altar of a Druid, or that of Intemperance, and in the next, by Divine interposition, lifting the banner of the cross, or prostrating the demon of drunkenness. It is an old adage—"Not to Palladius but to Patrick did God grant the conversion of Ireland." Long before Father Mathew commenced his career in this temperance revolution, many worthy and intelligent men engaged in the work of reforming the drunkard, and in striving to induce the people to abandon their habits of excessive drinking, but their labors were apparently crowned with but little success. The great task as well as the glory of its accomplishment was reserved, in the order of Providence, for Father Mathew, and well has he done the duty assigned to him.

When we give this praise to Father Mathew as the honored instrument of this great moral change among the people of Ireland, we would not detract from the honor which is due those early pioneers in the cause who did all they were permitted, or could do under the then existing circumstances. No doubt they had sown the seeds which at this time produced such an abundant crop. So it was in this country. The cause of temperance had many long tried and faithful friends who exerted all their powers in its behalf years before the movement commenced with the never-to-be-forgotten six at Baltimore, which has made such a mighty sweep over the length and breadth of our whole country. Great praise is due to those early pioneers in this great movement, for we believe they did much toward preparing the soil for the noble harvest which has been gathered in during three or four years past, yet it must be acknowledged, however much we may venerate the memories of those early friends, that the Washingtonian movement has gone far ahead of every other reform which has blessed our world, save the Christian Religion.

CHAPTER IV.

We next find the great Reformer on a visit to Borrisokane. He came to this place by invitation of a friend of the Cause. Arriving late in the evening, but comparatively few knew of his arrival. The next morning the postulants were thinly scattered up and down the streets. This friend requested him to remain through the day, but he said his time was precious and he must go away soon, as he had received into the society the few that presented themselves. Fame, however, had gone out that he was in this neighborhood, and the people began to flock in. Each moment he was on the point of going away, but each moment brought forward new subjects. The news of his being here kept spreading wider and wider through the towns and parishes. The people threw aside their various implements of indus-

try, and hurried to enroll their names upon the Pledge. Men, women and children in vast crowds rushed into the town from all directions, anxious to enlist themselves in the holy warfare, and receive the great Apostolic blessing as if they thought this was their last chance of salvation. It was not in his heart, however much he might be pressed for time, to disappoint these anxious, enthusiastic people; therefore he remained with them. He stood upon a stone under an ancient ash tree, and received in this small town, without any previous notice having been given of his holding a meeting there, *between seven and eight thousand souls.* This single circumstance is enough to show the deep feeling which ran through the hearts of the people, and how thoroughly they were prepared for this revolution. It evinces also most clearly to every rational mind the extraordinary moral power which Mr. Mathew had over his countrymen, especially in relation to the great subject of Temperance. For this work he seemed to be particularly commissioned and sent forth to redeem a nation of drunkards. It would seem that no other mortal could have done this work so thoroughly as he did, and with so little vain glory and boasting.

It was quite late in the evening before he had finished his labors in this place, and when he did so he was greeted with three hearty, soul-stirring cheers from a vast assemblage of tee-totallers, and amidst the cheering of the multitude he started for Nenagh, where great eagerness and enthusiasm were manifested to meet him. Before he departed for Nenagh the people were much excited by the appearance of a notorious drunkard who had hardly seen a sober moment for many years. Paddy Hayes was the man. He came reeling through the crowd, endeavoring to elbow his way along towards the great Advocate. He saw him coming, and with a smile of benignity upon his countenance, and love and kindness beaming from his eyes, he ordered a passage to be cleared to let the poor inebriate pass. As he came up Mr. Mathew extended his hand to him, saying, "Come forward, my poor fellow, you are worth waiting for." Paddy fell upon his knees, took the pledge, and received the blessing. This man remained firm, and become an industrious, sober citizen. This was only one instance among thousands; but it shows the true Washingtonian principle—that love and kindness which know no limits and whose mantle is broad enough to cover the sins of the world.

There is one other fact worthy of a place in these records which occurred during Mr. Mathew's short stay at Borrisokane. It is this, and speaks volumes in favor of this good man, and shows clearly that he was more anxious to save the people from the vice and pollution of Intemperance than to encompass sea and land to make prosolytes to his peculiar faith in religion. Not only every age and sex, but many protestants here took the Pledge from his hand, and enlisted in this holy cause, utterly disregarding everything like sectarianism, and coming forward to join in the work even under the administration of a Roman Catholic priest. We feel quite sure that these Protestants would not so readily and willingly have enrolled their names among these reformed people, if they had seen any evidence in the conduct of Father Mathew that he was more desirous of extending the power of his peculiar priesthood, and spreading his religion, than of meliorating the condition of the poor, unfortunate inebriate, and restoring him to his family and to society.

Had this great Advocate of Temperance ever shown any wish to press his peculiarly religious views upon the hearts of the people, the eagle eyes of Protestantism would have dicovered it, and the clergy sounded the alarm; but he has never made any demonstrations of this kind, and even sectarian prejudice has been obliged to remain quiet, while million after million have come forward and joined this vast cold water army, conducted and led on by a Roman Catholic Priest.

Some of the public presses both in this country and in England, and many inaividuals have raised an objection to Father Mathew because he was accustomed to receive all upon the pledge who might present themselves for that purpose, without regard to age, sex, or condition. They have censured this wholesale, indiscriminate association of the vast multitudes, who have rushed forward, and apparently without due consideration put their names to the Pledge. Children, too, it is said, have enrolled their names, and swelled the ranks without knowing or caring what they were about. There are some folks in this world who make great pretentions to virtue and morality, and express great concern and anxiety lest any good work should suffer detriment from the

bad management of its imprudent friends but who never lift a finger themselves to help it along. It has been especially so through the progress of the temperance cause. Many men have stood aloof, and cried out "*breakers ahead*," but would never lend any assistance themselves in steering the Temperance ship safely into port, and perhaps no class of the community has been so forward in expressing their fears that this good cause would be injured as the rumsellers. They have been constantly on guard, watching the movements of the friends of the cause, and ready to give their advice on all occasions. With this class there is always something wrong in the mode of conducting this temperance movement. Either children are admitted too young, the friends are driving the matter too furiously, or such and such a policy better be adopted; otherwise there will be a re-action and the good cause will go down. They seem to be terribly alarmed lest the tide of intemperance should again sweep over the land, and this through the imprudent management of the friends of the cause. Public opinion has compelled them to acknowledge that this movement is fraught with great good to the people, but somehow or other, they are the most difficult people in the world to please. They cannot be satisfied with the mode of conducting this enterprise, and consequently they are always finding fault with others, but very careful not to do anything themselves.

Opposition from such sources Father Mathew met in every direction, but the masses were so much excited that this kind of obstruction was soon swept away, and rumsellers were glad to hide their heads for shame. There can be no question with regard to the propriety of suffering children to put their names to the Pledge, and join the great Cold Water Army. If there is any force in the scriptural maxim to train up a child in the way he should go, there is not much danger of beginning too early to teach them by precept and example the great blessings which will surely flow from a life of strict temperance. Let the rumseller laugh, and the moderate drinker sneer, still there is a moral power even among little children which they exercise for good or for evil.

When Father Mathew left Barrisokane for Nenagh, the tee-totallers of the latter place had made great preparations to receive him. A large procession had been organized to go out and escort him into town, but always anxious to avoid anything like public display, he contrived it so as to enter the town when night had drawn her curtains over the place. Thus he entered in the night time, and greatly disappointed the members of the Nenagh Temperance Society, who had contemplated having a great parade on the occasion of his visit. Although they were disappointed in executing their praiseworthy intentions, yet admirable arrangements had been made for administering the Pledge, and everything prepared in first rate order. The Catholic Clergy, the Protestant rector, and others, gave their most effective aid in preserving order among the dense crowds which had assembled on this memorable occasion. When the trumpet sounded, each division was admitted through a street or lane into a large open area, where they received the Pledge, and withdrew in another direction. Others then filled their places, and went through the same operation. The town was filled with people who came from all directions, anxious to enlist in this great Army against King Alcohol.

Incredible as it may seem to us, yet it is nevertheless true, that in one single day about *twenty thousand persons*, among whom was a large number of drunkards, placed themselves under the white Flag of Temperance, resolved to abstain from the use of strong drinks, and to die sober men and women. Who can estimate the amount of joy which thrilled the hearts of this vast assembly of human beings? Who can tell how many wives were made happy during this single day? Twenty thousand men, women, and children enrolling their names on the Pledge in a single day! It was indeed a glorious scene; such an one as must have made Father Mathew, and all other friends of humanity rejoice with exceeding great joy. But the story is not yet half told. Greater scenes than this are to be described. We must now follow this great Advocate to Galway, whither he went by invitation of the Right Rev. Dr. Brown, prelate of this city, to preach a sermon for the benefit of a large Orphan Institution.

Having advocated the cause of this Institution with great felicity and success, he turned his attention to the subject which seemed to be nearest his heart, and for which he seemed more especially commissioned. The people here were so anxious, so enthusiastic, and so furious, if we may be allowed to use the term, that it was with difficulty

that order could be preserved. Thousands were so impatient to sign the Pledge, that they could hardly be restrained from using what might be called a holy violence towards him. If order could have been preserved he would have added more than he did to the Temperance ranks, but as it was, in two days, according to the most authentic accounts, he received about one hundred thousand persons into the society, a number almost passing belief considering the shortness of the time. One hundred thousand persons in two days resolving to be temperate! What a scene of moral grandeur! But few, if any, such displays of the moral power of one man were ever witnessed on earth. What is a Cæsar, or a Bonaparte, compared with such a man? All the laurels which ever graced the brow of Warriors shrink into comparative insignificance when placed beside the victories which Father Mathew won over the hearts of the people in this great temperance movement. Time will never diminish their lustre. They will stand out in bold relief until the "last syllable of recorded time." Yes, and then their moral sublimity will not be fully disclosed until eternity shall unfold it.

During Mr. Mathew's visit to Galway he met the great political regenerator, Mr. O'Connell who was there attending Court, having been employed in an important case. The latter gentleman, it is said, for the first time in his life, divided, and more than divided, his extensive and well earned popularity with Mr. Mathew. The great Liberator, however, felt not the gnawings of jealousy, but most heartily congratulated the great Advocate of Temperance on the wonderful success of his noble mission. Both gentlemen were entertained on the same evening, in the College where they had a very pleasant interview.

Before we follow this good man to other places in his career of Temperance, we cannot forbear to give the reader an incident connected with his visit to the town of Galway. Let it be remembered that Galway is one of the oldest towns in Ireland, and retains, even at the present day, some vestiges of its former usages. About a mile west of the town is a colony of fishermen, who reside in a village called the "Cloddagh," situated on the shore of the Atlantic. We cannot do better than give the history in the language of another writer.

"This village contains about two hundred families, whose habits are entirely distinct from the surrounding population. They never intermarry beyond the pale of their own community, and a violation of this regulation would be followed by an expulsion of the individual forever from the tribe. The Celtic tongue alone is spoken by this people, who despise the English language, as introduced they say, by their Saxon task-masters. None of these people were never known to emigrate, or to enlist in the British service. The barren shores of the bay of Galway have been the home of their forefathers for centuries back, and continues to be theirs, while the ocean that foams before them is the field of their enterprise. Isolated as has been their condition, yet have they continued the pernicious habit of drunkenness. At the period of contested elections, and while under the influence of ardent spirits, the Cloddagh fishermen were dangerous neighbors to the town of Galway. It required the united exertions of both military and police, to suppress their eruptions into the town on those occasions."

When it was announced that the Rev. Mr. Matthew was to visit Galway, it was a matter of grave speculation to determine what course the fishermen were likely to adopt. The appointed day arrived, and the Rev. Apostle of Temperance was expected by the evening mail at five o'clock. During the early part of the day, it was remarked that none of the fishermen were seen in Galway. This gave rise to further conjecture. The next day, however, the mystery was solved, for Mr. Mathew, by a pre-arrangement went to the Cloddagh, before the congregated thousands from all parts of the country had any suspicion that he had left his lodgings. It was an impressive sight to see this demi-civilized community taking the Pledge. It was taken by every individual of the colony, from the child of three years old, to the grand parents and great-grand parents in their second childhood. Nothing could be more interesting than this picture. Here in their village where drunkenness and rioting were to be witnessed daily, the fishermen were dressed in their Sunday garbs, and their families appeared decent as their circumstances permitted. They took the pledge with a degree of humility and propriety which proved the sincerity of those who resided on this desolate, barren shore. Considering their employment and peculiar habits, this may be set down as one of the most extraordinary feats ever performed by one man. Here

were two hundred families exceedingly clannish—exclusive in their views and feelings, with prejudices against the rest of the world, so far as they had any knowledge of it, rankling in their breasts—fixed and settled in their habits, and apparently beyond the power of being moved by any agency which did not rise among themselves—having drowned out in a great measure, the better feelings, and finer sympathies of their hearts, by frequent potations of strong drink, and knowing nothing and caring for nothing, save their own hardening employment, and yet, through the moral power of this man, they at once abandoned their fixed habits, and smothered the demon which had bound them, hand and foot, for so many years. One might have supposed that it would have been as easy to have softened the flinty rocks which lined their sea-beaten shore as to have produced this sudden and mysterious revolution in their feelings and habits, but when this great moral regenerator came among them, their eyes were opened to the enormous evil which was pressing them down to the earth, and their hard hearts melted before his power and his love.

In contemplating this scene, there is a moral grandeur and sublimity which may well challenge our wonder and admiration. There is something about it which entirely transcends our powers of comprehension. We see the wonderful result, but we cannot describe the power by which that result was produced. We can form a thousand conjectures, but perhaps none of them will develope the true cause. They might well be supposed to be the last people in the world who would abandon their habits of drinking. A truly wonderful change came over the spirit of their dreams, and its happy effects are now seen in the improvement of their weather beaten and dilapidated cottages, in the refinement of their manners, and in the melioration of their condition in every respect.

Whatever may be our conjectures with regard to the cause which produced this remarkable change in these singular people, we must acknowledge that the finger of God was manifested in this wonderful work. No unassisted human intellect, no merely human power could have wrought this sudden, strange and thorough change in the hearts of the rough, hardened fishermen. There was a power at work among them which was far above human ken. Father Mathew seemed the chosen agent by which this astonishing revolution was effected. He came among them with the simplicity of a child, yet apparently exercising superhuman power. With a mild voice, and a countenance beaming with the purest love, he told them of the dreadful evils of Intemperance, and kindly asked these hardy, weather-beaten sons of the ocean to rise from the degradation into which strong drink had plunged them. They heard the heavenly accents of his voice—saw his eyes beaming with heaven's own light, and the law of love and kindness upon his tongue, and it was not in their hearts to resist such demonstrations of goodness. A voice came up from the depths of their souls, answering to the earnest appeals of their friend and benefactor, and urging them to forsake their debasing, corrupting practices. New feelings, new sentiments, and new hopes were born in their hearts. At once they saw their danger, and cried out in the agony of their souls for help. The simple remedy was at hand. The hallowed Pledge was presented, and anxiously did they write their names upon it. Instantly a load which had been pressing them down for years was thrown from their breasts, and they felt as if they had escaped an awful doom. They stood forth like freemen who had just come out of a severe battle in which they had beaten their foes, and gained their liberties. Long and loud were the shouts which made the welkin ring. Children were seen clapping their tiny hands, mothers to fall upon their knees, and thank God for sending such a man as Father Mathew among them—the storm beaten countenance of the aged fisherman was bathed in tears of joy, and the young belles embraced their lovers with more ardor and affection because the Demon of Intemperance was driven from Cloddagh.

It was indeed a day of great rejoicing for all—such a day as never before dawned upon their humble dwellings. New life, and more holy aspirations sprang up among them. With the vice of intemperance passed away many other evils, which are necessarily its concomitants. There is one fact connected with this reformation which shows clearly that even this hardy, rough, uncultivated people were looking for some great event. One old man who had lived in that same spot more than a century said his people expected this great moral revolution, and that there was a prophecy

among them which foretold the coming of a second St. Patrick. He believed it was fulfilled in the mission of Father Mathew. He said this second regeneration would be followed by thousands of years of uninterrupted prosperity and happiness. The old seer's eyes sparkled with joy when he told the story. Although his time on earth was evidently short, yet he rejoiced that his people were to see happier days. He believed the climate would become more genial, the soil more fertile, and the earth would yield her fruits in greater abundance.

This superstitious belief might have had, and no doubt did have, some effect in producing this sudden and remarkable change in the habits and feelings of these fishermen. God works by means, and makes even the wrath of man to praise him. No rational mind can for a moment contemplate this moral revolution, without being struck with the conviction that more than human power was exercised upon the hearts of these people of Cloddagh. Dark indeed must be that mind, and infidel that heart which does not recognize a divine agency in this work. It must be so. The evidence is too obvious to be resisted. Whatever men's religious creeds may be, they must believe that a divine power accompanied the mission of Father Mathew, to the Fishermen of his peculiar colony.

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Mathew was now in full progress on his brilliant career, like a ministering angel, doing good to all, healing the broken hearts of poor disconsolate women, reviving the crushed spirits of men, and diffusing joy and gladness among the young. After he had done up his work in Galway, and reformed the whole colony of Cloddagh Fishermen, he proceeded to visit Laughrea, Portumna, Roserea and other places. In Laughrea the scene was more interesting and exciting, if possible, than in Galway among the hardy fisherman. The town presented a solid mass of human beings all intent upon saving themselves from the enormous evils of Intemperance, and notwithstanding the immense crowd which had gathered in this place, yet all were quiet and peaceable—no fighting, swearing, or disorderly conduct prevailed; but a deep feeling ran through the congregated thousands, and all hearts were beating with high hopes that the day of redemption from the power of alcohol had arrived. The whiskey shops were opened as usual, but they found no customers. The poor inebriate would hurry by them, and shun them as he would the poisonous effluvia of the Bohon Upas tree. A dread of these sinks of iniquity and pollution pervaded the hearts of the multitude generally. The whiskey dealer would stand at his shop door and see the people hurry past; but the spell was broken, and his charm was gone, and it is to be hoped, forever gone.

The great Apostle stood in the yard of the Artillery Barracks. There were two gates leading to this area, guarded by the police, through one of which the people entered, and passed out through the other. Eight or ten thousand persons would stand in this place, and for the greater part of two days that Mr. Mathew was occupied in administering the pledge it was completely filled. On the first day of his administration there were admitted to the Teetotal Temperance Society *thirty thousand members*, and on the second day about *fifty thousand*, making in the aggregate *eighty thousand souls*, a number which may seem incredible to us, but yet truth warrants the statement. And let it be here remembered, that these were neither all drunkards, nor Roman Catholics. Many persons of different religious denominations joined this great temperance phalanx, among whom were ladies of the highest ranks, and of the first respectability.—The whole population without regard to age, sex, creed or rank seemed to be stirred by one spirit, and actuated by one motive. The poor whiskey retailers were almost left alone in their disgrace. They felt indeed as if the day of their doom had arrived, and yet they rested their hopes of future success in their nefarious business upon a reaction. They could not believe this feeling could continue long among the people—their wish being father to the thought; but in this calculation they were destined to be disappointed.

It seems to us as we follow this great moral regenerator from place to place, that the last affords the most interesting scene of his labors. We can hardly tell where he displayed the most power, or produced the most excitement. Every where he was now greeted with smiles, and reverenced with a feeling deep and strong. Whole neighborhoods, towns, and cities would rise, *en masse*, to meet him and vie with each other to see who should be the first to enrol their names upon the pledge. It seemed by their en-

thusiasm and anxiety as if they had but one act more to do in life, and that was, to range themselves under the broad fold of the Temperance Banner.

Could one man without the special aid of Heaven, have produced this wonderful moral change in the hearts of such multitudes? Could unassisted human power have wrought such a revolution in so short a time? No—the power of the Most High was at work in the souls of men, and Mr. Mathew was the chosen and well appointed instrument by which this great reformation was developed. He saw the glorious work prospering in his hands; he knew that he was exciting a vast moral influence over the people; he was conscious that he was almost worshipped as a being of a higher order than the inhabitants of earth; he saw multitudes fall upon their knees before him; he heard the shouts of praise go up from vast congregations; but he was calm, unmoved, and only intent on the great work he was called to do.—No unholy ambition fired his heart—no unhallowed aspiration entered his soul—no thought of self-aggrandizement occupied his pure mind. Elevated far above every selfish consideration, and feeling that he was but an humble instrument in the hands of his Heavenly Father, he pursued the even tenor of his way, treating all with love and kindness and appealing directly to the hearts and consciences of his countrymen in the true spirit of Christianity itself, stript of all sectarian prejudice or sordid feeling.—Such and so great was Father Mathew.

We now find him on the route to Portumna, but before he reached this place he administered the Pledge to thousands after thousands. By a fair estimate it is calculated that between Galway, Loughrea, and on the road to Portumna, nearly or quite *two hundred thousand persons took the Pledge*, and received the blessing of this extraordinary man.—Whenever the people could hear of his passing, they would leave every thing else, and hasten to meet him on the road, and solicit him to put their names upon the Pledge. Even little children would run out from their hovels, and ask for the good man's benediction, as he passed by. The whole populace were deeply excited, and manifested strong and enthusiastic feelings to be ranked among the teetotallers. They seemed to feel unsafe unless they were numbered among this great army. To be without the pale of the temperance society seemed to be an unsafe place. The hearts of all were wrought upon by a strange, mysterious power. When their names were enrolled upon this second Declaration of Independence Father Mathew not only urged them to keep their Pledge inviolate and unbroken, but also exhorted them in a most fervent, eloquent manner to break off and entirely abstain from the commission of all other sins. He preached to them to love their God, and one another—to forget all religious animosities, to practice virtue, charity and kindness in all their relations of life, and to be obedient to the laws of their country and become good citizens.

These maxims, plain, simple and good, sank deep into the hearts of the people. It is a remarkable fact that among so many thousands, yes, millions we can now say, thanks to heaven, so few ever violated their Pledge. It is one of the most astonishing instances upon record, of the fidelity of the people, and their fear of breaking their promises. If misfortune did overtake one, and he yielded, in an evil hour, to the temptations which were spread out before him, he could find no peace for his troubled soul until he had again signed the Pledge and renewed his promise in the presence of the great Apostle of Temperance. It is a curious fact that while Father Mathew was at Portumna several men arrived from Kilrush in the county of Clare, a distance of sixty miles. These people contrived to have a special interview with him. They had previously signed the pledge. It seems they had drank some water out of a vessel in which some whiskey was left by mistake. This circumstance greatly alarmed them, and they could not rest satisfied until they had come all this distance to see Father Mathew, and again enrol their names upon this hallowed instrument. This transaction furnishes evidence of the great importance which was attached to the Pledge. Many were the pilgrimages taken to Cork under similar circumstances. Cork had become the great centre of attraction; here the shrine of Temperance was established, and before arrangements were made for Father Mathew to visit the country towns and villages, the roads in every direction, leading to Cork, were thronged with pilgrims on their way to this celebrated place. Coaches, cars, and other modes of conveyance were used by those who were able, but many of the poor travelled on foot one hundred and fifty miles for no other purpose than to get rid of the dreadful appetite for strong drink.

They could not break the charm of this appetite, or they thought they could not, unless they could be in the presence of Father Mathew and sign the pledge under his administration. It is with regret that truth compels us to state that there were some opponents to this good cause scattered over the country, and men too of high character, notwithstanding the general sweep which was made among the people.

There is one instance which we cannot refrain from giving to the reader. A gentleman of very intemperate habits, called into his parlor one of his servants who had just returned from Cork whither he had been to sign the pledge. This wine and whiskey drinking man, feeling a strange opposition to the cause of total abstinence, and wishing to test the strength of his servant's faith in the pledge, presented him with a glass of whiskey. The servant shrank from it as if it had been a live serpent which he knew would sting him. This hard hearted monster then pointed a pistol at his head, and swore with an oath that he would shoot him through, if he did not instantly drink the liquid poison. The servant well knew the violent temper of his master, especially when his brain was seethed with the fumes of liquor; but he had the moral courage to stand up before this bacchanalian, and calmly look upon the instrument of death which was trembling in his hand. "You may murder me," said he, "but I will not break my pledge."

The poor inebriate dropped the pistol from his hand, and trembled before his resolute servant. He felt conviction flash upon his soul. He thought there was more than human power which sustained his servant under such peculiarly embarrassing circumstances. The next morning he ordered his carriage, drove to Cork, and signed the Pledge. He became a useful and highly respectable coworker in this glorious cause. There was a moral courage, a determination and self-sacrificing spirit about this servant which roused this man's conscience, and made him see his own guilt and wickedness. Thus was this poor reformed servant made the happy instrument of this gentleman's conversion. He was saved by this means, probably, from a drunkard's grave, as well as from a life of wretchedness and misery. God works by means, and sometimes he takes the foolish things of this world to confound the wise and great.

At Portumna a vast congregation had assembled although no previous notice had been given that Father Mathew was to visit this place at this particular time. The Earl of Clannickard's farm-yard was the place where the pledge was to be administered. A large circle of Teetotallers was formed with wands in their hands within which none were allowed to enter save the Police and amateur Band. Without this large circle stood about forty thousand men, women and children. All appeared quiet and peaceable until Father Mathew entered the ring; then the vast multitude rushed forward like an avalanche with overwhelming force, and but for the interposition of the priests and police officers much injury might have been done.—Order was in some measure rostored and *thirty thousand* were added to the Teetotal Society.

There was a little incident occurred while he was *en route* to Shinrone which shows clearly the great interest which this good man felt in behalf of children, and in fact we have abundant evidence of his love for children long before he became celebrated as a Temperance Reformer, in his establishing schools for the poor, and becoming a teacher himself of the youthful mind, but this occurrence evinces the depth of his feelings for the rising generation. As he was passing along, a little child ran out and threw herself upon her knees to obtain his blessing. He placed his hand upon the little girl's head, and while he did so the tears started from his eyes and ran down his cheeks. "It was," as one writer has beautifully expressed it, "no doubt, summoned from the rich fountain of his feelings by the recollection of the generous ardor, the piety, and the warmheartedness of the Irish, impersonated in this young, innocent and interesting little girl." Under such circumstances, strong as he was, he could not control his sympathies. The tears which he shed on this occasion may furnish some evidence of the moral power which he exerted over the masses wherever he journeyed. His heart was strongly imbued with the love of the human family, and this shone out in all his actions. The people saw it, and even little children instinctively felt its force, and looked up to him as a friend and protector. There is an intuitive power in children which gives them a correct impression of an adult's character from the peculiar conformation of the countenance. It is a sort of instinct peculiar to their years,

and seldom does it err, or lead its possessor astray.

His visit to Dublin was one of the most interesting we have yet recorded. He came to this city at the request of the most Rev. Dr. Murray, and preached the next day after his arrival in the Church of Conception, Marlborough street. He came not to this city unannounced, for the public journals had been teeming with notices of his intended visit for several weeks. The whole country round about was well informed upon this point. He came to advocate the cause of a female orphan institution, a subject upon which he was admirably well qualified to speak. His fame had now spread far and wide, especially in relation to the war of extermination which he had so successfully waged against intoxicating liquors. Accounts of his wonderful success in this great work were daily pouring into this city, and the excitement of the people was raised to the highest degree of intensity. All the tickets for admission to the Chapel were bought up two days previously to his preaching the sermon on this philanthropic occasion. About six thousand of the most respectable portion of the citizens of religious denominations attended.

Nearly four hundred pounds were collected on this occasion, a much larger sum than was ever collected before at a similar meeting. The great and the noble were there to hear the good man preach. His text was, "*Where shall we buy bread that they may eat?*" After he had pronounced his text he looked down most affectionately on the orphan children who were assembled around him on the steps of the altar. The very expression of his countenance would have taught these unfortunate children a valuable lesson, and excited within their hearts the purest emotions, if he had not uttered a word beyond repeating his text.

We cannot forbear to give a specimen of his style of preaching, and in doing so we feel quite sure that we shall greatly oblige the reader.

"If I were to pause," said he in this sermon, "to enumerate but the hundreth part of the many generous deeds of mercy performed even by the poorest of the poor, of which I myself have been a witness, I should occupy all the time allotted for this discourse. Permit me, however, to state one simple case of facts: A poor woman found in the streets a male infant, which she brought to me, and asked imploringly what she was to do with it? Influenced, unhappily, by cold caution, I advised her to give it to the church wardens. It was then evening; on the ensuing morning, early, I found this poor woman at my doors.—She was a poor water-carrier; she cried bitterly and said,—"I have not slept one wink all night for parting with that child which God had put in my way, and if you will give me leave, I will take him back again." I was filled with confusion at the pious tenderness of this poor creature, and I went with her to the parish nurse for the infant, which she brought to her home with joy, exclaiming in the words of the prophet, "Poor child, though thy mother has forgotten thee, I will not forget thee." Eight years have elapsed since she brought to her humble home that exposed infant, and she is now blind from the constant exposure to wet and cold; and ten times a day may be seen that poor water-carrier passing with her heavy load, led by this little foundling boy."

"Oh! merciful Jesus, I would gladly sacrifice the wealth and power of this wide world, to secure to myself the glorious welcome that awaits this poor blind water-carrier, on the great accounting day. Oh! what, compared to charity like this, the ermined robe, the ivory sceptre, the golden throne, the jewelled diadem!"

"We are all children of the same father; the same current of blood flows in our veins; we are all believers in the same Saviour, redeemed at one price—followers of the same Gospel of love. Oh! that its sweet and beneficent spirit would diffuse from pole to pole, uniting all mankind as one family, and making a world happy. The heart of man would then be the noblest altar, and charity the richest incense it could offer to Deity."

The above is a fair specimen of this good man's sermonizing. It shows the current of his feelings, that he is more desirous of doing good, than to be thought great, and this, in some good degree, accounts for his wonderful power in moving the hearts of the people, and rousing them to a sense of their danger from the slumber of ages. To "make a world happy" was his devout and constant prayer. No wonder then that his countrymen believed in him. No wonder that they were moved by one spirit. In plain, simple language he told them of the awful consequences of a life of intemperance. They knew he was their friend, and they come up out of the gut

ter by thousands and shook off the dreadful evil.

The next morning after he delivered his sermon in behalf of the orphan institution he, accompanied by Dr. Yore, the Rev. Messrs. O'Connell and Delany and Mr. Bianconi of Clonmel went to the place selected for administering the Pledge, the large space in the area of the Custom House, and there began his glorious work. The weather was very unfavorable—a heavy rain continuing to fall during the greater part of each day while he was in the Metropolis, but this circumstance did not damp his ardor, or the enthusiasm of the people who thronged around him anxious to be delivered from the curse of Intemperance. It is true, in a city like Dublin there was open a great field of operation; still, considering the unfavorable state of the weather, the number of persons who signed the Pledge during the time he tarried among them is almost incredible. On the first day he received four thousand six hundred and seventy seven postulants; on the second, eight thousand five hundred; on the third, ten thousand two hundred and seventy seven; on the fourth, six thousand five hundred and eighty eight; and on the fifth day, thirteen thousand; and among these were included several Roman Catholic Priests, many ladies of the first class, and many very wealthy merchants. On Saturday and Sunday there continued to be the same anxiety manifested, and on Monday morning, up to the hour of his starting for Enniscorthy, there were still numerous applicants. The whole number who took the pledge, during this visit, amounted to about seventy thousand persons! Among these were people of every different religious persuasion, and of all ranks and ages.

Whilst he was in this city he was invited to a Temperance tea-party in Trinity College, on which occasion nine of the students were received into the Society. This circumstance was peculiarly gratifying to Father Mathew. He assured these young gentlemen he was highly pleased that they had come out and set such a worthy example, and that he would, on his return to Cork, send them some silver medals in token of his respect and esteem for them.

The liquor dealers in this city, as in every other place where he went, were in great trouble. During his first demonstrations they raised considerable opposition, calling the work superstition, bigotry, and attacking it in every way their ingenuity could invent; but the current of public feeling began to set so strong in favor of Temperance, and men of great respectability and influence to enlist in the cause, that they were glad to hide their heads for shame, and ostensibly withdraw their opposition. Strong as the appetite for strong drink was fastened upon the poor inebriates, still he found it easier to induce the poor drunkard to forsake his cups, and make this personal sacrifice, than to make the rum-sellers forsake their vile business. The selfish principle is so great, and their hearts are so hard that they have been the very last persons in this country as well as in Ireland to yield to this mighty moral power which has been moving the hearts of the multitude, but it is believed they will yet yield, and forsake that business which is fraught with so much of moral death to their fellow citizens.

CHAPTER VI.

We have given a single specimen of Father Mathew's style of sermonizing in a previous chapter, and we now offer one of his mode of speaking upon, and illustrating the subject of Temperance; but before we do so we will make a passing remark upon his eloquence. The style of his oratory is not of the *ad captandum* kind, according to the usual acceptation of that term. He makes no great rhetorical flourishes merely to please the ear of the masses, inflame their passions, or excite their prejudices; but his mode of speaking is characterized by child-like simplicity, impressing a belief strongly on the mind of the hearer that he means what he says. He is no *haranguer*, or noisy, blustering declaimer; but he comes before his audience with a heart overflowing with the milk of human kindness, and a countenance beaming with heaven's own love. He feels, and deeply feels, the worth of the great cause he advocates. The hearer looks into his manly, noble countenance, and feels a sort of magnetism, charged with moral power come over him which he cannot resist. He speaks, and there is something in the tone of his voice which convinces the auditor that he is uttering the words of truth and soberness. Such are the peculiar accents that they seem to come up from the depths of his soul, echoing upon the ears of the multitude like a spirit's voice from another world, and convincing the hearts of all that he is indeed commissioned from on High to preach temperance to a world steeped in drunkenness.

From one of his public addresses to those who had taken the Pledge we select the following: "I do not know," said he, "how it is possible, but I can assure you there is very little difficulty in adhering to the Pledge. I have been told by numbers in all parts of the kingdom that they had not the slightest trouble in adhering to the Pledge, or the least wish to break their promise. The Pledge appears to be, in fact, as binding as the strongest oath, though nothing could be more simple than it is in detail. Simplicity, however, never takes away the efficacy of any proceeding. It reminds me of the case of Naaman the Syrian, who, when he went to the prophet to be cured of leprosy, was told to go and wash himself in Jordan. He at first refused, on account of the simplicity of the cure, and said that he had rivers enough in Syria to bathe in, if he thought bathing could do him any good; but his servants at length said to him, "Father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, surely thou wouldst have done it; how much rather what he hath now said to thee; wash and thou shalt be clean. Naaman then went and did as he was desired, and he was at once cured, and his skin became as the skin of an infant."

The above is indeed a beautiful illustration not only of the simplicity, but also of the power of the Pledge to save men from the degradation and vice of Intemperance. Many have raised the same objections to signing this hallowed instrument, that the Syrian did to wash himself in the river Jordan; the process is too simple, too easily accomplished, and too weak for some minds. They must have some greater thing presented to them; something more difficult to be performed, and more complex, otherwise they cannot hope for any good; but there is more moral power in this Pledge than some dream of in their philosophy. It has saved millions from a wretched, miserable life, and snatched them from a drunkard's grave. It has been an instrument blessed of God, and therefore men must beware how they esteem it. In its simplicity consist its virtue and its power.

We will give the reader the form of Father Mathew's Pledge, as it differs in some respects from the Pledge now generally used on this side of the Atlantic. It is as follows: "I promise with the Divine assistance, as long as I will continue a member of the Teetotal Temperance Society, to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, except for medicinal or sacramental purposes; and to prevent as much as possible, by advice and example, drunkenness in others."

After the above pledge is administered, Father Mathew stretches out his hand over the assembled multitude, and repeats the following brief prayer: "*May God bless you, and grant you strength and grace to keep your promise!*"

He then descends from the place where he stood to administer the Pledge, and fixes the sign of the Cross upon them, in which they may hope to persevere and to conquer.

The inquiry may arise in the minds of some readers, how it is possible for so many thousands to sign the Pledge in a single day as have done so? The method which he adopted was this; the postulants did not actually place their signatures upon the Pledge in their own hand writing; but he repeated the pledge to which they gave their assent. In this way he was enabled to receive hundreds, and even thousands, at a time. He saw with that quickness for which he is so remarkable, that actually signing the pledge would consume too much time, and that the multitudinous and varied groups which surrounded him could not be so well accommodated by adopting any other mode.

It will be perceived by the terms of the pledge that those who joined the Society were not bound by the promise any longer than while they continued members. They could have their names removed from the books at any time they might be disposed to withdraw from the association, but in order to do so, they were obliged to write to, or visit Father Mathew for this express purpose. And we are gratified in being able to say but very few indeed adopted this mode of releasing themselves from the obligations of the pledge. It is a remarkable feature in this great moral revolution, that so few have violated their promises in this regard. They have been wonderfully sustained in keeping inviolate the Pledge, notwithstanding the power of their own appetites, and the temptations which surrounded them. In this the most skeptical, if they will not wilfully shut their eyes, cannot help seeing and acknowledging divine interposition. Among the many millions of erring mortals who have signed this second Declaration of Independence in the civilized world, but few comparatively have gone back, like the dog to his vomit, or like the sow to her wallowing in the mire.

They have thus far stood firm and unmoved amidst the temptations which have assailed them from within and from without. And we feel warranted in assuring the rum-sellers that their hope of a reaction in this glorious revolution is as the spider's web, weak and easily torn in pieces. The cause has taken too deep a hold on the hearts of the people for such a revolution to go backwards. It is the mysterious work of Heaven, and must finally prevail over all opposition. The tide of Intemperance will not be suffered to turn back, and again sweep over the world, destroying in its course every thing beautiful and valuable in it. This is our fond hope, and this our firm belief.

There is one peculiarity in Father Mathew's reading the pledge to the assembled thousands which throng round him at these great gatherings which we take pleasure in bringing to the notice of our readers. He reads it very loudly, slowly and distinctly as if every letter was fraught with invaluable meaning. His voice in this exercise is peculiar in its tones, and its accents make one feel as if the Recording Angel was writing down every word as the good man utters it. There is a kind of eloquence in his mode of repeating the words of this instrument of temporal salvation which sinks deep into the hearts of all who hear it, and impresses them with an awe and solemnity which can never be forgotten.

One writer has very beautifully alluded to his peculiar manner of pronouncing the word *drunkenness*, slowly and solemnly dividing each syllable, and pronouncing them with peculiar emphasis. By the energy of his voice, and the peculiar expression of his countenance he seems as if he were loathing and execrating something, and heaping all possible reprobation on the vice the name of which he thus so strikingly pronounces. This peculiar mode of reading gives a sort of sacredness to the pledge which induces those who sign, to keep it inviolate.

Priest as he is, and no doubt honestly anxious to spread his own peculiar views of religion among the people, still he has never been known in his temperance career to attempt to make any proselytes to his faith. His anxious endeavors are to make his countrymen temperate, and then then they will be better qualified to choose that religion which is best adapted to improve their morals and sanctify their hearts. He says, "the Teetotal Society is not a sectarian or political society. It has nothing whatever to do with such matters; it embraces members of every creed, and of every shade of politics. Teetotallers should not have any politics, whether lawful or unlawful, connected with them. Those who wish to mingle themselves in the discussion of politics should go somewhere else to do so. Their committee rooms were not places for politics.—These were all for teetotal subjects, and nothing else."

Thus we see this great Apostle of Temperance had no wish to mingle any other matters with this great subject. With a far-seeing eye he looked upon this moral movement as one which must not be embarrassed in its progress by sectarian feelings or political prejudices. He well knew that such things would greatly retard the onward course of the enterprise; therefore he wished it to stand upon its own merits alone, separate and distinct from other questions of the day. To this point he directed his efforts, and with what success the reader has already been well acquainted. Feeling a deep solicitude to free his beloved Ireland from the scorching, withering mildew of Intemperance, he knew that every political party, and all religious denominations must be brought into the field against the power of this monster vice, otherwise the battle could not be successfully fought, or the victory won. In this war of extermination, those who have enlisted, must not stop by the way to discuss this or that question in theology, or settle any particular matter which may agitate the political world; for to insure victory over this dreadful foe to the human race, the energies of the friends of the cause must be concentrated to almost a single point, unembarrassed by any foreign or extraneous matters. So thought and acted Father Mathew.

We have already given some description of Father Mathew's personal appearance, but we will transcribe what Mrs. Hall says of him in her excellent work on Ireland:

"No one who sees the Rev. Mr. Mathew will hesitate to believe that he has been stimulated by pure benevolence to the work he has undertaken. The expression of his countenance is peculiarly mild and gracious; his manner is persuasive to a degree, simple and easy, and humble without a shadow of affectation, and his voice is low and musical—"such as moves men." A man

more naturally fitted to obtain an influence over a people, easily led and proverbially swayed by the affections, we have never encountered. No man has borne his honors more meekly; encountered opposition with greater gentleness and forbearance; or disarmed hostility with weapons better suited to a Christian. His age is somewhat about fifty, but he looks younger; his frame is strong, evidently calculated to endure great fatigue, and his aspect is that of established health—a serviceable illustration of the practical value of his system. He is somewhat above the middle size; his features are handsome as well as expressive. Our brief interview with him confirmed the favorable impression of his character from a knowledge of the benefits derived from his labors; and we left him with fervent thanks to God, that a man so well qualified to sway a multitude had so wisely, so nobly, and so virtuously applied and directed the energies of his marvellously active mind, feeling how dangerous he might have proved if they had been exercised for evil and not for good."

Thus appeared this good man in his person when he made his advent to the Metropolis of England, in August 1843, an important event not only in the history of his own life, but also a great era in the Temperance revolution. He came to London for the purpose of diffusing more widely and rapidly the wholesome doctrine of temperance among the general community. He came from a country where he had almost wrought miracles in the domestic habits of the people, bringing with him the prestige of unexceptionable character, and combining fervid eloquence with enlarged views of benevolence. His ambition was neither fame nor money, but the virtuous promotion of the happiness of the human race, by a direct expulsion of a great evil in society, which has entailed upon it some of its sharpest miseries, and saddest crimes. His fame had been heralded by the press all over the kingdom. He came with a name and a moral power which was calculated, in some good degree, to penetrate the aristocracy of that great city, and make the proud heart feel if there was any flesh in it.

On Monday a great concourse of people assembled in the Commercial-road East, to hear and see the great Apostle of Temperance. Notice of the meeting had been previously given. A temporary platform had been erected on ground lately consecrated by a Roman Catholic Bishop, opposite the George Inn. Many persons who intended to take part in the proceedings had ascended this platform, awaiting the arrival of Mr. Mathew. A few moments before he arrived, it gave way with a loud crash, precipitating about fifty persons to the ground. This accident created great alarm and excitement, but fortunately no persons were injured, and the scaffold was soon erected again. At ten o'clock he arrived and confronted a metropolitan audience for the first time. He was received with tremendous cheers by the multitude, especially by his own countrymen who had assembled in great numbers.—There was an evident sincerity about all his words and actions, which spoke more to the feelings of his hearers than all the speeches, and their name was legion, uttered throughout the day. He was surrounded by the leading members of the various Temperance Societies in London. The poles supporting the platform on which he stood were decorated with flags and banners, bearing appropriate mottoes and inscriptions.

As was his invariable custom he opened the proceedings with a short, fervent, expressive prayer which made every heart feel that a great and good man was calling for the blessings of Heaven to rest upon them. After this exercise he delivered an address which was listened to with breathless attention, in which he spoke of the evils of Intemperance, and the advantage of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. The peculiar tones of his voice, and the simplicity of his language made a deep impression on his audience. The first persons who presented themselves were a Roman Catholic fraternity called the Holy Guild, who came in procession to the ground bearing crosses. The brothers and sisters of this fraternity which had been established principally for charitable purposes, knelt down and repeated the words of the Pledge after Father Mathew, in a loud voice, as if they were not ashamed to let the congregation hear what they were doing. He then descended from the platform, gave them his blessing, and, after touching them all on the forehead, dismissed them.—This same ceremony was repeated fourteen times during the day.

The Earl of Stanhope, Dr. Duley, Mr. Whitaker and others made speeches, calling on the people to come forth and take the Pledge. These addresses had the desired effect; for groups after groups came forward, received the Pledge, and

the blessing, and then departed to make room for others.

Earl Stanhope and Father Mathew shook hands, and the noble lord addressed the multitude for nearly an hour in a very fervent, eloquent manner. He said he had been a teetotaller for many years, and invited his hearers to follow his example. He declared his intention of publicly taking the Pledge from Father Mathew, and warmly eulogized the Rev. gentleman for his useful and patriotic exertions in Ireland, and expressed a fervent wish that his mission to England would be attended with similar results.

Father Mathew then called upon those who were anxious to come forward and take the Pledge with the Earl of Stanhope to do so. A semi-circle was formed, and 300 men and women knelt down and received the Pledge.

The noble Earl, who labored under considerable excitement and agitation, was immediately embraced by Father Mathew who, in the enthusiasm of the moment, kissed his cheek. With a smile playing over his animated features, he grasped the hand of Father Mathew with great feeling, exclaiming, "God bless you, sir." A feeling ran through the hearts of the assembly which cannot be described. It was an exhibition which angels would delight to witness.

The delivery of speeches, and the administration of the Pledge were proceeded with till dusk, when Father Mathew left the ground, having previously announced his intention of attending in the same place for the same purpose every day during the week. On this first day about three thousand took the Pledge, nearly half of whom were Irish. Many of them were poor, miserable, squalid, bloated drunkards, whose trembling limbs had borne them to this place in the hope of being restored again to their families and to society. The great good done on this first day cannot be estimated, any more than we can estimate the worth of a single soul which is to live eternally for good or for evil. During all the proceedings of the day the conduct of the vast multitude was most orderly. It was a glorious beginning in the heart of the British Empire, and the hearts of the philanthropists swelled with joy.

Early the next morning Father Mathew resumed his labors, and Earl Stanhope again attended, and remained on the platform addressing the people on the importance of taking the pledge, for nearly four hours. He was very warmly and enthusiastically greeted by the congregation, and at his suggestion three times three cheers were given for Father Mathew.

Father Mathew then addressed the people on the manifold evils resulting from intemperance with much feeling and true eloquence, relating many anecdotes, some of a humorous, and others of a very tragical nature which sunk very deep into the hearts of the hearers. He paid a high compliment to the London press for the fairness and candor with which it had reported his proceedings, and at the request of a gentleman on the platform, three cheers were given for the newspapers. At the request of his countrymen he repeated the pledge in the Irish language. Soldiers, sailors, mechanics, and their wives and children, professional men and several ladies and gentlemen, were among those who took the pledge during the day.

Many of those who joined his society this second day, had black eyes, bruised faces, and appeared as if they had been recently making great sacrifices to Bacchus. They had every appearance of having just come up from the gutter all covered with the filth and mire of drunkenness. Earl Stanhope and Father Mathew exhorted them with great fervor and feeling not to quarrel with any one again, and they solemnly promised not to make beasts of themselves any more. At sunset Father Mathew withdrew from the ground, but not before he had passed another warm eulogium on the newspapers for the kindness with which they had spoken of him. He manifested a deep feeling of obligation to the London presses, saying it would stimulate him to more active exertions in this holy cause. He seemed on this occasion not only to preach, but also to practice total abstinence; for during the twelve hours he was on the ground he never tasted food or drink, notwithstanding he was hard at work during the whole of the time, talking and administering the Pledge.

His speeches were imbued with a kindly feeling, and he took great pains to convince his hearers that he did not wish to advance the interests of any particular party either in religion or politics, declaring that the Protestants in Ireland, to great numbers of whom he had administered the Pledge, had received him with the same cordiality as members of his own Church. He has great good humor, and is an example in

his own person that cheerfulnesss can be reconciled with total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. He showed to the wine drinking portion of that great city, that the fermented juice of the grape is not essential to cheerfulness and good humor. During this day there were upwards of *sixty thousand* persons present. The good man continued his labors, and people of all ages, sexes, and religious denominations still pressed forward to the pledge, and received the blessing.

It was not expected that Father Mathew would make such miraculous progress among the people of England as he did in Ireland, because the same facilities did not exist for clearing the way. The lower classes here do not attend Church so constantly as in Ireland, and so regularly put themselves in communication with the ministers of their faith. Intemperance among the peasantry of England is, no doubt, one great cause why they absent themselves so much from Church, and avoid those pulpit admonitions which the lower classes of Ireland hear so often. These would be a powerful auxiliary upon Father Mathew's pilgrimage here as they have been in his own country.

CHAPTER VII.

Disguise the fact as much as we may the truth is, that philosopher asserts her majesty in this matter, and it becomes impossible to hide from reason the great truth that Temperance must be among the most godlike virtues of a people. As one writer, in giving a description of Father Mathew's first visit to London, has graphicly said, "Temperance has in itself the elements of self-denial and sobriety, and its action upon the domestic social system must be beautiful and benficial in the extreme. Candor, therefore, at once compels the acknowledgement that Father Mathew is in the right box, and that all the delusions of sophistry cannot put him in the wrong one."

Whether in town or country, let the doors of the poor cease to be darkened by the footsteps of the drunkard—let his passion no longer strike fear and his voice sadness into the hearts of his wife and children—let their little pittance go no longer to make his brow haggard and his brain mad—let him exchange the companionship of sots for the gentle presence of his family, and a natural intercourse with those whom he is bound o love—so shall he find himself more happy, more industrious and less poor—so, when poor, shall his endurance of poverty be more patient and the world's sympathy with it more charitable and strong—so shall his home become a dearer paradise than scenes of most inspiring debauchery, and so shall the little family around him wear smiles instead of misery, and be clothed decently with the earnings that else would have been squandered upon drink. Then thoughts of Heaven, too, may creep in upon his intellectual improvement, and he may learn to bend his footsteps, and lead his offspring towards the church. This is the happy condition of families which Father Mathew is laboring to bring about. And will any be so lost to all moral feeling as to attempt to throw impediments in his way? We hope not.

It was a curious fact that, at the great meeting in the Commercial-road, although Father Mathew and the Earl of Stanhope both fervidly addressed the audience, yet the most impassioned and eloquent oration of the day was delivered by a private soldier of the Grenadier Guards, who harangued the people in a strain of touching eloquence. This shows us that this great movement has touched all classes of society—even among the soldiery and in the police, the doctrine has spread with brightening effect.

Father Mathew's cordial reception in England was highly gratifying to his own countrymen as well it might be, for he had now become the "bright particular star" upon which all eyes were turned. In October of the same year he paid his visit to the great Metropolis, a vast concourse of people gathered at Cork to witness the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of a Temperance Monument, or beautiful Gothic tower, designed to commemorate the signal success of this great moral revolution. The site selected was Mount Patrick, the residence of Mr. William O'Connor, by whom this splendid testimonial was about to be raised. The scenery in every direction, from the commanding eminence of Mount Patrick is of surpassing beauty and attraction. The day was beautifully fine and full of inspiration. Standing on the site of the intended building, the landscape in front is the most varied and romantic that could be presented in any other position, from which the unrivalled scenery that surrounds the "beautiful city" might be witnessed. The lovely and fertile valley of Glanmire, with

its rich plantations and handsome demesnes, extended far away in the rear, and in front the highly cultivated land of the little and great Island stretched along to the left, intersected in several places by the estuaries from Lough Mahon, which spreads its broad and placid surface in the foreground, and studded with many a noble craft. Still further in the distance might be discerned the noble harbor of Cove, with the forts of Spike and Haulbowline, and to the eastward an extensive range of country terminating in a fine view of Youghal Bay. To the right the city was seen in great beauty, and the "pleasant waters of the river Lee" could be traced along their devious course, through a rich and lovely valley, almost from the romantic spot whence they spring. Indeed, in every direction the prospect was most enchanting, and the changing hues of the luxuriant foliage at the opposite banks of the river, gave a pleasing and panoramic effect to the contrasted verdure of the fields and shrubberies that surrounded many of the splendid and tasteful residences which were spread over the face of the country. Thus Mr. Mahoney of Cork has described the scene.

At one o'clock, the music of several bands announced the arrival of Father Mathew. The scaffolding erected over the site was decorated with a profusion of handsome banners, conspicuous among which was an excellent likeness of Mr. Mathew with the following inscription,

"All nations bless thee from afar,
And hail thee, Erin's radient star."

At two o'clock, all the arrangements having been completed, Captain Irwine was invested with a suberb white satin apron, richly embroidered—being of the same material as that worn in the vest of the King of Prussia, on the occasion of his visit to England at the christening of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. To this beautiful emblem of "the craft" was attached a massive gold chain and corden, with two heavy bullion tassels. The stone having been lowered by pulleys over its bed, and the several coins of the realm deposited therein, Mr. Howard, the architect, from whose design the building was to be erected, led Capt. Irwine forward to lay the foundation stone at the north-east angle of the site. Father Mathew then addressed Capt. Irwine in a most touching and feeling manner. The Architect next presented him with a massive silver trowel on which was inscribed—

Respectfully presented by
Mr. William O'Connor
to
John Caulfield Irwine, Sq.,
On his laying the
Foundation Stone of the Tower of Mt Patrick,
Commemorative of the enthusiastic reception given to the
Very Rev. Theobald Mathew,
By the Citizens of London without distinction of Religion or Politics.
Oct. 30, 1843.

On being handed the trowel, Captain Irwine addressed the company. The maul, plumb, and level were then handed to the gallant officer, and the ceremony of laying the stone took place, according to the usual formula, the bands playing, God save the Queen, and the company cheering most heartily.

The Rev. James O'Reagan then addressed the company in an eloquent speech, concluding thus—"How pleasing was this commemoration of the union of both countries in the advancement of the mighty cause! And thus he hoped it would always be. The strife of party or creed affected not their cause, and the Englishmen united with the Irishmen in receiving the doctrines, and honoring its founder. In conclusion it only remained for him to say, that he hoped that such a feeling would always exist between the countries, as was well expressed by the poet when he said—

"England! thou free'st, noblest of the world,
Oh! may the minstrel never live to see
Against thy sons the flag of Green unfurled,
Or his own land thus aim at liberty.

May their sole rivalry for ever be
Such as the Gallic despot dearly knew,
When English hearts and Irish chivalry
Strove who should first be where the Eagle flew;
And high their conquering shout arose o'er Waterloo"

Several other eloquent speeches were delivered, after which a large company returned to the hospitable residence of *Mr.* O'Connor where a sumptuous "*dejune*," were laid out of which they partook amidst good humor and much hilarity.

It is indeed pleasant to contemplate such demonstrations of feeling as were manifested on the occasion of erecting this Gothic tower. It furnishes indubitable evidence of the deep emotions which swelled the hearts of the Irish people,—a nation which is moved by sudden impulses, and easily spurred on to noble enterprizes. They loved the great moral regenerator, and felt emotions of gratitude towards those who had treated him so kindly,—even towards Englishmen, whom, from earliest youth, they had viewed with more or

less prejudice and hate. While the moral influence which Father Mathew had diffused among his people was operating upon their hearts, they seemed to have forgotten, in some good degree, their previous ill-natured feelings, and were ready to join heart and hand in carrying forward this glorious reform, even with those whom they had considered as opposers.

This monument was not only designed to perpetuate the great deeds which had been done by Father Mathew in the Temperance cause, but the principal object seemed to be to commemorate the enthusiastic reception which the citizens of London had given him on his first visit to that Metropolis. He was willing, imbued with a love for the whole human family as he was, that this tower should go up in commemoration of this event. It was not personal vanity, or the vain aspirings of a selfish ambition which prompted this good man to lend his assistance in the ceremony of laying the foundation stone upon which was to be erected this tower. His were higher, nobler feelings. He not only wished, and ardently wished, to be instrumental in making his countrymen temperate and sober, but also England and the whole civilized world. His benevolence was not confined to the limits of the Emerald Isle alone, but it was broad enough to embrace within its arms the entire human race. What could such a man care about the fame of being a great leader? He was influenced by stronger, deeper, more hallowed feelings. Perhaps there is scracely an instance upon record in which any man, since the advent of our Saviour into this world, who had so much power over the masses, manifested less desire to be thought great than Father Mathew did though his whole career of Temperance, Self seemed to be, in all his movements, entirely out of the question. We consider this one of the most beautiful traits in his whole character. He was placed upon an eminence where most men would have been tempted to seek their own glory, and to take advantage of the peculiar circumstances in which good fortune had placed them to aggrandize themselves. But no such thoughts influenced this great Apostle of Temperance,—at any rate, there is not a particle of evidence in any of his movements which go to raise a suspicion against him, much less to establish the fact. It is this destitution of personal vanity which makes him great. He was far too elevated in his feelings—thought too much of doing good to his race, and of raising his countrymen from the depths of Intemperance and its attendant evils, to harbor within his benevolent breast that petty ambition which seeks only self-agrandizement. He followed in the footsteps of his Divine Master, and went about doing good to all.

We have followed this great Apostle of Temperance through only a small part of his career in Ireland and England, but the reader will perceive from the sketches we have given that he was every where triumphant. We will now go back a little in point of time and give a letter which he wrote to one Mr. Richard Allen in the spring of 1842. This letter will show to the reader many traits of his character more clearly than any thing we can offer, besides, it proves his moral courage, and that he was not easily discouraged under any circumstances. While others might be alarmed for the Temperance cause in consequence of statements made by the highest functionaries of the Realm, of the the increase of the revenue on whiskey, he stood firm and unmoved, trusting in his God, and believing that this glorious movement would go ahead in spite of all opposition. But we will give the letter.

My dear Friend—

Long absence from Cork, and almost incessant administration of the pledge since my return, prevented me from reading your esteemed letter until this morning. I thank you for the information you have given respecting the sensation excited amongst our friends in England by Sir Robert Peel's statement. The premier only intended to convey that the revenue from whiskey was larger last year than in the years '39 and '40. The fact should not cast a gloom over our prospects, for teetotalism is pursuing to onward course, and will, with the Divine assistance, finally triumph. Sir Robert Peel is a friend to morality, and consequently to Temperance; and when he added, "from other causes," he spoke from the impulse of his Christian feelings, and not as a great political leader. The almost total abandonment of malt liquor has increased the consumption of whiskey among certain classes The great exportation to England for the rectifiers, and the vast quantity manufactured into what are falsely named temperance cordials, have contributed to swell the amount of the whiskey revenue. During the years '39 and '40 there

was a unusual panic among the spirit dealers, who were consequently anxious to exhaust their stock, but during the last year, finding a steady though slow demand, they have taken in a fresh and large supply. Distillers, also, of small capital, are forcing sales on any terms, to keep their establishments at work. Besides, teetotalism is ascending very slowly into the higher classes, and many of them drink more than ever to antagonize our principles. There are other powerfully influential causes, to which I dare not more than allude; but which, blessed be the mercy of God, have latterly ceased to exist. Be not alarmed, my dear Mr. Allen, Temperance is not retrograding. At this moment I am honored with more than seventy pressing invitations from the Roman Catholic prelates and clergy, to administer the Total Abstinence pledge in different parts of Ireland. Give me but time, and with the aid of the Great Jehovah, we will wave our pure and spotless banner over the length and breadth of the land.

There are difficulties which cause me more pain than the assertion of Sir Robert Peel—the insiduous efforts to give our society a political coloring, and to evoke a gloomy fanatic cry against us. The great body of teetotalers, it is true, is composed of Roman Catholics; but that is from the great bulk of the people being Roman Catholics, and not from any thing exclusive in our society. A hostile disposition has been excited on this account in certain localities; and I must also complain, with the deepest sorrow, that many who from rank and station possess great influence, have not, to use the mildest term, exercised it in favor of our society. I utterly disdain any political object; my ardent, desire is to promote the glory of God by drying up the fruitful source of crime, and the happiness of His creatures, by persuading them to the observance of temperance. Our musical bands, too, and our processions, are rocks of offence to many. If it was allowed to any to object to them, surely it should be the members of your society, who reject music and parade in every case, yet you have all magnanimously co-operated with me, despising this paltry pretext. I respect the religious feelings which disapprove of music and processions on the Lord's Day—I would not on any account offer violence to tender consciences; but we, Roman Catholics, after in general devoting the afternoon of Saturday, and the forenoon of Sunday, to religious observances, do not deem it a desecration of the Sabbath for such as have been earning their bread by the sweat of their brows during the week, to re-create themselves innocently during the remainder of the day.

We should be allowed to enjoy our Gospel liberty—we regulate our conduct by what we interpret to be the spirit of of the Gospel, and not by the letter of the Levitical law. O! that the sweet and benificent spirit of the Gospel, that thinketh no evil, was diffused from pole to pole, uniting all mankind as one family and making a world happy. The earth would be then, indeed, a delightful habitation, in which each man could enjoy, in charity, the blessings of life, especially through the Lord Jesus Christ, the blessed hope and glory of the great God. Lovers of God, and of His everlasting ordinances, should be to our failings a little kind. Let them contrast the shocking spectacles which presented themselves heretofore on the Lord's day, with the calm decorum that at present reigns. The bachanalian yell, that made hideous the Sabbath's early morn, is heard no more—the temples of the living God crowded with sincere worshippers—the taverns, bridewells, and brothels empty—the awful blasphemy, the false oath, and dire imprecation no longer insult the attested majesty of the Deity. It is my religious conviction that one sin of drunkenness, or one of the black deeds to which men are prompted when inflamed with intoxicating drink, outrage more the sanctity of a jealous God than all the music of the three hundred temperance bands on the Sabbath day. It would not be difficult to ascertain what portion of the whiskey revenue has been collected from retailers, and what from the custom-houses, but it is unnecessary. Our teetotallers are faithful to their pledge—they are proud of their sobriety—are inspired with the spirit of self-respect—they are rational beings, and Christians, and will never again, Esau-like, sell their birthright to purchase which the precious blood of Jesus flowed. Thanking you, in the name of humanity and religion, for all you have labored in the cause of your fellow-creatures.

I am, my dear friend, yours devotedly,

THEOBALD MATHEW.

Every line of the above letter breathes

the spirit of the Gospel, and the writer must be a pure Christian, else he is a consummate hypocrite. And who among us believes him to be any thing but a pure disinterested philanthropist? Surely his good works do follow him. Who has done more to meliorate the condition of his countrymen? Who has made more hearts swell with joy? No one, we answer.

Hear what Maria Edgeworth says of this cause and its great advocate—a woman well known all over the civilized world. "In our village of Edgeworthstown the whiskey-selling was diminished *since* the pledge has been taken, within the last two years, so as to leave public houses empty, and to oblige the landlord to lower house rent considerably. This we know to our pecuniary loss—*I need not add to our moral satisfaction.* I have heard of many instances where the health has been improved even where the "total abstinence" began late in life, and after habits of early intemperance.

I have not known of any in which the health has suffered. Very few, scarcely any, instances of breaking the pledge have as yet come to our knowledge. But some have occurred. The culprits have been completely shunned and disgraced, so that they are awful warnings to others.

So long as public opinion is upheld in this manner, and so continues to act, we may hope that this great power—this inestimable moral blessing to Ireland in particular—will continue; and most earnestly I hope and pray that it may. Beyond all calculations—beyond all the predictions of experience, and all the examples from the past, and all analogy—this wonderful crusade, against the bad habits of nations; the bad habits and sensual tastes of individuals—has succeeded and lasted about two years. (This letter was written in Feb'y, 1842.) It is amazing, and proves the power of moral and religious influence and motives beyond any other example on record in history.

I consider Father Mathew as the greatest benefactor to his country, the most true friend to Irishmen, and to Ireland."

While the whole country was ringing with his praises Father Mathew was proceeding his arduous duty in administering the pledge, apparently regardless of the encomiums that were heaped upon him, and unmoved by the shouts of applause which every where greeted him. At a great meeting in Cork the chairman gave a very flattering toast to him, one which would have puffed up the vanity of almost any other man, but hear his response. "It was unnecessary for him to allude to all the encomiums which had been poured upon him. They were entirely beyond his merits, and he could not recognize himself in the portrait. It was not by his deserts their enthusiasm was derived, but it arose from the fact that their own hearts were wells in which flowed every Christian and moral virtue, pure and undefiled. There were so many gentlemen present who had witnessed the progress of the Temperance movement, from the moment he had planted the grain of mustard seed, until it had grown up into the wide and lofty tree in which it now flourished, that it was wholly unnecessary for him to allude at any length to the subject—besides, he was himself, from his situation, so much mixed up with the progress of the cause, that if he were to attempt praising Temperance, he might seem to be praising himself."

It is true that he often expressed his deep sense of gratitude to the people for the high estimate they placed upon his character, and for the praises they showered upon him in all places, still their flattering notices never stirred up his pride, or filled his heart with vanity. He was far removed above all such influences, and pursued the even tenor of his way, continually striving to cure the husband of drunkenness, and to fill the wife's heart with peace and joy.

CHAPTER VIII.

In our course we will give a brief account of a great meeting holden at Lucun where Father Mathew arrived for the two-fold purpose of administering the Total Abstinence Pledge, and of extending his powerful advocacy in aid of the funds for the liquidation of a debt incurred in the erection of the new Roman Catholic Parochial Church of Lucun. The day was very pleasant, and a vast congregation assembled. Immense numbers of persons from the Metropolis, and from all parts of the surrounding country, continued to crowd in from an early period of the day. Nearly a dozen temperance bands of music were in attendance and among them was the Rev. gentleman's own band. Almost all the bands played with skill, and the effect produced by their united exertions was highly exciting and gratifying. In this immense assemblage no person exhibited the slighest appearance of intoxica-

tion, and what is equally characteristic of the great Apostle's mission, there was not an individual present who was not well and respectably clothed and who did not exhibit joy and comfort in his countenance.

It will be recollected by the reader that at this time the cause of Temperance was considerably advanced in Ireland. While his early progress through the country was one of toil and labor, his visit on the present occasion would, perhaps, be called a triumphal pageant, in a grand review of the great army of his followers. We refer to this occasion more especially for the purpose of giving the reader a portion of a speech which he delivered at this time, for we are quite sure we could give nothing more instructive, or interesting.

Father Mathew arrived at twelve o'clock from Dublin, accompanied by the Very Rev. Mr. Murphy, of Church-street Chapel. On arriving at the residence of the Rev. Mr. Kelly, opposite which a beautiful triumphal arch had been erected, he was received with the most deafening and enthusiastic applause of more than twenty thousand persons, the several bands playing, "See the conquering Hero come."

Immediately after he had delivered his sermon he proceeded to a meadow adjoining the church where a commodious platform had been erected. Before proceeding to administer the Pledge he spoke in the following eloquent strain. "He said he felt inexpressible pleasure in having that opportunity of meeting so many of his friends. He knew that a great portion of those around him, were as good teetollers as any in existence, and that his observations could make no improvement in them, but if he could confirm some of those who were lukewarm, or cause any additional individuals to take the pledge, he would consider the trouble of coming among them amply repaid. He then spoke of the great blessings confered on the country by Temperance. Crime and vice had been banished from the face of the land, and peace and harmony established in their place. Intoxication had been the fruitful source of all the wickedness and misery which had existed so long among our people. Ireland was acknowledged to be amongst the poorest countries upon the earth, and yet no less than *eight millions* of money was annually wasted in it in the consumption of intoxicating liquors. That money would now remain with the people, and thus, through the progress of Temperance, they would become, from the poorest, the most prosperous nation in the world, and they would be possessed of funds amply sufficient to establish domestic manufactures, and to develope all the resources of the country. The Temperance Society contained now nearly FIVE MILLIONS OF MEMBERS and he would make bold to assert that a more moral body of persons did not exist in the whole Christian world. The eyes of mankind were upon them, the foul stigma of intoxication, so long fixed on the Irish people, that made their country a bye word amongst the nations of the earth, was removed, and she was now on the contrary, the admiration of the world. The blessings of their society were extending to the farthest bounds of earth. He had lately had the happiness of meeting with the Attorney General of New South Wales, and that gentleman told him that when he first went to that Colony there were on an average fifty drunkards committed each day by the local magistrates, where there was now scarcely one committed; and that the same good results attended Temperance at home, could be testified by his friend, Mr. Simpson, who was at his side. The great objection to joining the Temperance Society for a long time, had been that it was a body of reformed drunkards; but that objection could no longer apply when it contained millions who had never, perhaps, been intoxicated in their lives. Every motive, human and divine, called upon all to join this great moral movement. They were called upon to make the sacrifice as lovers of their country; they were called upon to make the sacrifice to promote the glory of Almighty God, and also to promote the happiness of their fellow-creatures. Some objected to this last motive as if they would cry out with Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" He would tell them they were, and though they had a revelation from Heaven that they would never become intemperate, they were still bound to take the Total Abstinence Pledge in order to induce others to follow their example. There was no man who might not by his example induce others to become gradually intemperate, and thus probably endanger their happiness here, and the safety of their immortal souls hereafter.

Like the Jewish hero who expressed a wish to get a drink of water from the fountain of Bethlehem in the hands of the enemy, some of his bravest captains

undertook to fight their way to the spring, and when they returned with the dear-bought draught, and presented it to him, he dashed the cup to the ground, saying, "that he could not think of gratifying his palate with what had cost so much blood and danger. It is purchased at the price of immortal souls of our fellow countrymen, and as Christians, we ought, therefore, to abstain from its use. St. Paul says that the drunkard shall never enter the Kingdom of Heaven, and though at a drunkards death his country that was disgraced by him, and his family that he ruined can suffer no loss in him, still we should recollect that his soul, that was created in the likeness of God, and that was purchased by the blood of Jesus Christ, is lost forever; and what sacrifice ought every one to be willing to make to assist even in so remote a degree in preventing so great a calamity. No man should decline to take the pledge because he is sober enough. The greatest drunkard that ever brought to an early and shameful grave, and that hurled ruin on his family by imbruing his hands in the blood of his fellow man, might have said at one period of his life that he was sober enough, and all his future misfortunes were owing to his having indulged in moderate drinking at first. Let no man say he is sober enough—let parents induce children to take the pledge, for no parent can ever regret that his child has been temperate, while how many parents have been brought with shame and sorrow to the grave by the intemperance of their offspring.

The Almighty never gave any man a taste for intoxicating liquors—the human stomach was never made to digest alcohol. Gout, paralysis, nervousness, and delirium tremens, with a host of other diseases, are the effects of long continued habits of intoxication, which proves that alcohol remains in the constitution, and that no man who uses it is in a state of perfect health. Suppose two roads were leading from that to Dublin, and that one went over a hill, and had a precipice on it, while the second was level and free from danger. If we saw a man going the hilly road, we would be anxious to caution him against doing so, and we would tell him that we knew many persons to have fallen over the precipice, and to have been killed; and yet the moderate drinker, who would shudder at the idea of becoming a habitual drunkard, is like the traveler who takes the dangerous road. He is in constant danger of falling over the precipice that skirts his path into the gulf of drunkenness beneath, whereas the teetotaller takes the level road, which is free from danger, and by which he is certain of arriving at the goal of happiness here, and eternal felicity hereafter.

They were all probably well aware already of what the pledge of Total Abstinence consists. There were but two general rules to be attended to in their society. The first was to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, and these included all those deleterious draughts—those snares of Satan called teetotal cordials, raspberry vinegar, ginger beer, and such compounds, which were composed of the worst kinds of whiskey, and the most deleterious drugs. Much as he abhorred a man who drank alcohol, after taking the pledge, he considered the teetoteller who drank these cordials to be still worse; for while the former was a bare pledge-breaker, the latter was not only a bare pledge-breaker, but he was also a hypocrite. (Hear.)

The second rule was, that they should, as teetotalers, abstain from all religious and political controversies. He did not want any man to refrain from exercising his opinions on political or religious matters; but he objected to his doing so as a member of a society which included persons of every religious and political belief. If had been said that teetotalism would answer very well for the ardent spirit of the people of the south and west of Ireland; but that when he went to the cold calculating north he would not get them to join him with any thing like the same enthusiasm; and yet from the time he unfurled the pure and spotless banner of Temperance on the plains of Luvan, his progress through Ulster had been one continued triumph, as complete as in any part of Munster, or Connaught. Every house was open for him and all crowded to join his society without distinction of sect or party. (Cheers.) He was but a humble instrument in the hands of the Great God to establish a system that was to cover the land with peace and prosperity. When we look on a beautiful picture or statue, we do not praise the brush or chisel that formed them, but we praise the hand that guided these humble instruments; and thus was he unworthy of any praise, as being but a vile instrument in the hand of that God who has told us that he employs only the humble and the weak,

and to whom alone be praise, and glory and honor forever."

After the great Apostle had delivered the above speech, Mr. Simpson being called upon came forward, and made some remarks, after which the Marshal of the city of Dublin was called upon, but declined addressing the multitude, when Father Mathew again presented himself amidst the cheers and plaudits of the vast assembly, and spoke as follows:

"I was informed by a clergyman yesterday to my great sorrow, that some emissaries of the Ribbon Societies, after having failed to establish themselves in the county districts, had come to Dublin and were endeavoring, by visiting coffee houses, to get the teetotallers to join in Ribbon, or Mutual Protection Societies. His blood curdled in his veins when he heard the announcement, and he then wished to caution those who heard him to heed not such men, but to bring them at once before the next clergyman, or the magistrates, (loud cries, we will,) for otherwise, they might be assured, that these blood-thirsty villains would sell them as soon as they had their names entered, in order that they might be enabled to go to a foreign land to rio on the price of the blood of their victims." (hear, hear.)

He then called upon all who wished to take the pledge, and all who had violated their former pledge by drinking teetotal cordials, to kneel down. The immense multitude nearly all fell on their knees and received the pledge.

There is one fact worthy to be recorded in letters of gold. In administering the pledge on this occasion, Father Mathew purposely omitted the words, "*except for medical purposes*," as he had heard of some instances in which teetotalars were in the habit of keeping a doctor's certificate in their pockets, and then drinking wine at table. He cared not what was put into a prescription in an apothecaries shop, but he could never consent that persons perfectly healthy should go with prescriptions to the wine merchant or the tavern.

While Father Mathew was at Lucan he received the following address from the teetotallers of Liverpool which shows the estimation in which he was held.

"Very Rev. Dear Sir,—We, the members of the Liverpool Branch of the Cork Total Abstinence Society, hail with heartfelt pleasure this opportunity of paying to you, our beloved President, this humble but sincere tribute of affection, and of stating the pride, the gratification, the delight we feel in witnessing through your almost superhuman exertions, a fallen nation restored to its former high moral standing, also some of the remotest kingdoms of the earth sending blessings to you across the mighty ocean for your bursting asunder the adamantine bonds of soul-destroying alcohol, and exhibiting the odious demon in all its naked and hideous deformity.

Since your Reverence honored us by becoming our President, and that the Very Rev. Henry Brewer, our excellent and beloved Pastor, accepted our Vice Presidency, a period of nearly two years and a half, we have been enabled to deliver within the town of Liverpool at least 40,000 of your pledges. We have sent your cards and medals to New York and Philadelphia, where sections of your branch are. We have formed a thriving section in New South Wales. We have at present three hundred members in Her Majesty's 10th Regiment, on their way to India where we soon hope to hear of a most flourishing body being founded by our Missionaries; and lastly we have had the benefit from our platform of the instruction and advice of his lordship, the Most Rev. Dr. Polding, the Very Rev. Dr. Ullathorne, and many other eminent, pious divines, all which happy results, we attribute under Heaven, to your fostering protection and giant powers, which has raised teetotalism to its present towering position, and will ultimately please the Almighty Dispenser of Events to heal the deep wounds of a distracted world. Feeling that we have an especial claim to your sympathy and affection which have been so liberally bestowed upon even the most distant of your wide spread family, we earnestly entreat of you to accept the invitation which was formerly offered to you by your Vice President, the Very Rev. H. Brewer, and which he now again offers through us, as we are firmly convinced it will be the effectual means of adding thousands and hundreds of thousands to our ranks, for they are yearning for your long expected presence from one end of the land to the other. Therefore hoping and trusting as you have now by Divine assistance, almost teetotalized Ireland, you will for a few days bless the longing eyes both of the English and Irish located in England, and praying of the Almighty long to spare and assist your holy labors, we remain your reverence's ardent admir-

ers, affectionate children and devoted servants in behalf of the body."

The above address was signed by James Levingston, Chairman, and several other officers of the society. The document shows how strongly the hearts of the people were attached to him, and the power he exercised over them. Fortunate indeed was it for the people of Ireland, and for the whole world that this power was exercised for good and not for evil, or ambitious purposes. We have elsewhere intimated how dangerous such a man would be to the liberties of the country, if he had been prompted by worldly and ambitious motives, instead of those of philanthrophy and benevolence.

We make the following extract from a speech which he delivered on a visit to Dublin, for the purpose of showing that he could be witty and mirthful, whenever he thought such weapons would best subserve the interests of the great cause which was so near his heart.

"Quakers, Presbyterians, Socinians, Episcopalians, Catholics, and all denominations of Protestants, were banded together in his society, and that being the case, how gross and impudent a slander it was to assert that in teetotalism there was any thing like sectarianism. In his progress through the country he was hailed with an enthusiastic welcome by men of all classes and all creeds. Some few attempts, contemptible in their nature, had here and there been made, perhaps to render his course arduous, but their endeavors were hardly worthy of being dignified by a passing remark upon them. When he was recently on his journey towards Cootshill, indeed, notices had been posted up in various localities of the county of Moneyhan, and other places, to the effect that orders had been given to the military to come out and protect Father Mathew with their guns and cutlasses, it being apprehended that violence might be offered to his reverence if he were to approach Cootshill. (Laughter.) The Catholic Bishop became actually alarmed, and wrote a kind letter to him, advising him not to come near Cootshill, lest something disagreeable might occur, but he paid little attention to his kindly admonition. He pursued his journey undaunted, and when he arrived in the town he could safely say that he never received a more cordial welcome in any part of the county than at Cootshill, where the first man to come out and meet him was the Rev. Dr. Douglas, the estimable Rector of the town. (Laughter and cheers.) Judging that matters were in a condition much more agreeable and flattering than he had any reason to expect, he became desirous of ascertaining to what source he ought to trace the placard which had caused so much anxiety to his friends, and so much pain to the votaries of Temperance. An inquiry was accordingly instituted, and it was discovered that it was a Catholic publican in the town who had devised the placards and had posted them about the country. (Laughter,) He had never received a more hearty welcome than at the town of Caledon, near Armagh, where Mr. Edwards, the preacher, and other respectable gentleman had come forward to assist him, many of whom took the pledge themselves, that example might be set to the popular classes. Indeed from the first day he sat his foot in Ulster till his last visit to Drogheda, not a word had met his ear which could afford evidence as to the religious predilections of the parties who received him with such cordiality. At Clones rather an unusual incident occurred during his visit. It was on a Saturday night when he entered the town, and on opening his eyes upon Sunday morning he was not a little surprised to see Orange flags waving from the tower of Clones. It was the first time in his life that he had ever seen the Orange flags waving. Alarm spread among the votaries of teetotalism, and some of his friends, all Tory and Protestant though they were, came from Monaghan to the town, in order to protect him when they heard tidings of this unusual circumstance. Great excitement prevailed. He went amongst the people, and looking up at the Orange flags, he remarked aloud that he ought to feel deeply indebted to his friends in Clones, who, he supposed, were overjoyed at his visit, and had chosen such a proceeding as that of displaying the flag, as the last, or perhaps the only expedient which came into their minds, whereby to testify the intensity of their delight at his arrival. "So boys," said he, "three cheers for the Orange flags of Clones," and accordingly three cheers were given that made the air resound, and he was never merrier in his life, or more at home than at Clones, despite the Orange flags, and with great pleasure sojourned there two or three days.

Some of the most pressing invitations he had ever received were forwarded to him from Ulster, and nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of his reception in

Lisburn, Belfast, Londonderry and Downpatrick. While in Londonderry he had received one address to which he alluded with feelings of the most unalloyed pleasure—not that it was flattering and gracious in an eminent degree to his own feelings, nor elating to his pride—for he trusted he was above such weakness—but he treasured the remembrance of it with delight, and refered to it with joyfulness—because he recognized in it a compliment and an offering to the glorious cause of teetotalism, the personification of which he has regarded in every instance.

The address to which he refered emenated from the "Prentice Boys of Derry" who were anxious to learn by what route he would proceed, and the last sentence of this warm-hearted effusion ran as follows:—"Come amongst us, and the city, where our motto is, "No Surrender," will surrender at discretion to the moral regenerator of his country." (Great applause and cheering.) Thousands flocked to take the pledge from Londonderry and Raphoe, and tens of thousands from Belfast to Maird, and men of all religious persuasions knelt down upon the same soil, beneath the same sun, to renounce evil habits, and to record their allegiance to the cause of virtue. Let no man complain of the scarcity of the times who refuses to become a teetotaler. There was much more provision in Ireland at present than would suffice to feed the population for a term of two years; but was it not horrible to think that by devoting the produce of the land to the manufacture of intoxicating liquors, men were drinking, in their maddening draught, the food of the starving, the clothes of the naked, and the house of the homeless. (Hear! hear!)

But now that the march of the Temperance movement had progressed, he trusted that poverty, misery, and crime, would disappear from this lovely but heretofore unhappy land, and as the ivy-marked castles, and the yew-covered fortresses wherewith the country was bestudded stood forth as memorials of the ages when civil wars and intestine commotions convulsed society, so he hoped that the day would not be far distant when the prisons, the dungeons, and the workhouses, mouldered from disease and decay, would be pointed out by posterity, in a happier and more prosperous age, as the memorials of bygone wretchedness and sin which had departed from the land forever more. (Loud cheers.) He would advise that Saving Banks should be established in conjunction with the Temperance Societies, where such a thing was practicable, but although he gave this admonition, it was not prompted by his own experience of the delights of hoarding money, for never in his life had he had a shilling in any bank of the world. (Much laughter.)

Nothing could be more malignant than the calumny which certain enemies of him and the Temperance cause were circulating, to the effect that he had made money by the distribution of Temperance medals, &c. Even were it the case that money derivable from this source could be enjoyed by him, the whole amount of such income would not be equal to the sum which he had expended in establishing temperance bands in various localities of the country.—This foul slander had been industriously circulated far and near, and he had heard that there was now in Halifax, a gentleman who was spreading in every direction of the western world the monstrous assertion that Father Mathew had made £150,000 by the distribution of medals, &c. The fact was, that throughout his whole life he never was able to cover one shilling with another, and was infinitely a poorer man now than at the commencement of the movement. This, however, he did not regret, for that man could not pretend to the character of a patriot, or philanthropist who would not willingly make a sacrifice for the benefit of his fellow-man."

Thus it was the other side of the Atlantic as well as on this side, the enemies of Temperance would resort to any means, no matter how mean, contemptible, or wicked, to obstruct the progress of this glorious work. It has been a common slander here that Temperance men, especially those who lectured upon the subject, would drink behind the door if they could have a convenient opportunity. Such contumely was rife for awhile until these Lecturers, by a strict adherence to the pledge, and an abstemious course of life, gave the lie direct to all such insinuations, or, open declarations; then they were accused by the rumsellers and their sympathizers of making money, and that this was their only object. These accusations are still brought against them by these unholy men, and wicked enemies to the cause. In this regard the devil was never more busy than at the present time. Contributions are frequently lev-

ied now and have been the past winter, and tickets of admission to Temperance meetings issued, and for what? to fill the coffers of any individuals? No: but to pay the expenses necessarily incurred in carrying on these meetings, to give the lecturers food, and to clothe the children of the poor inebriate, who has wasted his substance, beggared his family, and ruined himself, to clothe in "purple and fine linen," the wife of him who has dealt out to him the accursed poison. There is one class of persons who will cry out as they did against Father Mathew, "these temperance lecturers are making themselves rich, and that is the extent of their love for the cause;" but this is base slander and betrays a wicked and selfish spirit. They are not willing that a lecturer should have a meal of victuals given to him especially if he is successful in getting away their customers and thereby diminish the profits of their nefarious traffic, but a mark is now upon them.

CHAPTER IX.

To follow the great Apostle of Temperance through all his triumphant career in this glorious cause would occupy more space than we have allotted to this work; but we cannot forbear to give the reader a brief account of his reception in Glasgow, the land of the mountain and the flood. The friends of tee-totalism of this far-famed city and neighborhood had determined to walk in procession, and hold a great out-door demonstration on the occasion of his first visit to this place.

Agreeably to previous arrangements and notices, the people began to flock into the city in vast multitudes from all quarters by steamboat, coach and railway, and up till the hour of meeting in the green, all was activity and enthusiasm. The various total abstinence societies, and Rechabite Tents intending to join the demonstration, mustered in their respective localities, and long before eleven o'clock, poured into the Green, headed by their leading members, and by excellent bands of music. They came from Edinburgh, Ayr, Troon, Irvine, Paisley, Kirkintillock, Hamilon and many other towns, even from Aberdeen. Arrived at the Green, the different bodies were marshalled in order and proceeded through the different streets. A very interesting feature in the arrangement was a large body of juvenile female tee-totallers who walked in the procession. The Catholic tee-totallers headed the procession with four thousand strong. Before these, Fathers Mathew and Euraght, and a great number of other clergymen in two carriages were drawn along by beautiful horses. The Catholics carried a number of elegant silk flags—green, pink and white, the most of which had painted in them Father Mathew, a cross, and Ireland's emblem, all surmounted by appropriate mottoes. In one of these, the Temperance Apostle was represented in the act of giving the pledge to a body of kneeling tee-totallers—in another he was administering the Pledge to "Ireland's Liberator," Daniel O'Connell, and in a third he is represented as standing over the cross, confronted by Father Euraght. The banners and mottoes were so numerous that it would fill almost a chapter; we will, however, give some more of them, because they show the spirit and feeling manifested on this occasion. "We entreat the youth to walk with us"—noble prayer this. "Be not in the feast of great drinkers"—glorious advice, and must be followed. "Be sober, be vigilant, because your enemy, the devil, (rumsellers?) goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour;" true every word of it. A barrel, marked *aqua*, wanting the ends, carried on the top of a pole, with the words "We see through you." The picture of an old cock and a young, with the words "As the old cock crows the young ones learn," amongst other devices carried by the juveniles, diverted and amused the spectators. The weather was fine, and the congregation was very large. The numbers on the Green when the procession returned was fifty thousand. The hustings were so densely crowded with the tee-totallers, and strangers from a distance that it was difficult to find any place for the procession. The carriage of Father Mathew had now arrived near the centre of the walkers, and shortly before it neared the hustings the greatest excitement prevailed among the people to obtain a view of the great Apostle.

Many clergymen of different religious denominations were present, and various other distinguished friends of the cause, When the carriage approached the hustings, to the great disappointment of the multitude, no Father Mathew was there. It was explained by several speakers that Father Mathew had gone to the cattle market to administer the pledge to the people of Edinburgh, who must return home by the special railway train at a certain hour.

On this intimation an immense crowd marched off to the Cattle-Market, but a

great majority remained at the hustings where Father Mathew's non-appearance had excited some angry discussions. Having heard the explanation why he was not present, the different bodies marched from the Green, headed by their respective bands of music. The scene at the Cattle-market was grand in the extreme. The great Apostle was there administering the pledge to thousands of kneeling tee-totallers. This he repeated again and again until four in the afternoon, when not less than ten thousand had taken the pledge.

The interesting proceedings of this memorable day were appropriately crowned in the evening by a *soiree* in the City Hall, which Father Mathew attended. When he entered the Hall, the entire assembly stood up and cheered him most enthusiastically. An address to him had been prepared, and was delivered by Mr. Kettle. During the reading, which took some time, Father Matthew stood up, and at its close, the cheering was loud and long continued. He then turned his benignant eyes upon the immense assembly and spoke as follows: "He received with unbounded pleasure the address from the Western Scottish Union, a body to which Ireland, and Temperance in Ireland was deeply indebted. Indeed, he might say, they owed a debt of gratitude to the whole of Scotland, from the different bodies of which they had the most cordial co-operation and at a time too, when their helping hand was more necessary than at the present, (hear! hear!) For these services, as well as for their very fraternal reception of him this day, he was exceedingly grateful; and for the sentiments expressed in this beautiful address, which for purity and piety, would scarcely be surpassed, he returned them his heartfelt thanks. He felt very much indebted to the writers of this address that he had spoken the truth, and had not given him qualities which he did not possess, or for services which he had not performed. On this head he might appropriately quote the words of sacred authority, and say that Providence always selected the foolish things and the weak things of this world to serve his purposes, that no flesh and blood should glory in his right." (Loud cheers.) This address gave to him the merit of originating the great temperance movement in Ireland, and to this he was scarcely entitled. He had been solicited and importuned into the cause by the society of friends in Cork, and only at their pressing invitations had he taken it up. It was not that his heart did not go with the cause, but that he felt a diffidence, a constitutional timidity, to stand forward prominently before his fellow countrymen. It might be that he feared also the obloquy that he might have to encounter. At one of the meetings at Cork, however, he had taken the pledge, and there was sown the grain of mustard seed that had grown up a great and mighty tree, which had shot so deep into the earth that the blasts of hell could not prevail against it, (hear! hear!) Its branches were now extending in every corner of the earth, and millions of souls enjoyed peace and social happiness under the refreshing shade. They had witnessed that day a magnificent spectacle, and though thousands and thousands were congregated on the occasion, nothing had occurred to wound the feelings of the most sensitive, or to mar the general joy. It was indeed the work of the hand of the most high God; it was the cause of God and morality, and it was wonderful in our eyes. It was only three days since he had landed in their country; he was a stranger, and his manner, his phraseology, his sentiments might appear strange to many of them. But it was unkind and uncandid in him to say he was a stranger. He had received the right hand of fellowship from almost every being with whom he had come in contact, and there was indeed a kind and happy greeting, and many times yesterday and that day he had forgotten altogether that he was out of his own native Ireland,—(cheers.) He had almost thought he was one of themselves, and he did not see why it should not be so. He was convinced that, though differing in features, opinions, customs, or religion, they were the same people. He had seen nothing in Scotland to make him think that they were not natives of Ireland, (laughter and cheering.) At all events they were the children of one common Father, born to the same rights, redeemed by the same Savior, believers in the same blessed Gospel, and oh! that the sweet and benificent spirit of the Gospel of Jesus Christ were diffused from pole to pole, uniting and making all happy, pure and guiltless.

He thought he heard some one say, "Now Father Mathew, this is making fine speeches to delude the people of Glasgow; perhaps they are not your own sentiments in your own country." For five and twenty years, he had entertained these views, and if any man could

say his heart had been shut against his neighbor, because of differences in religion, if any man could say that the needy had been turned from his door in consequence of his opposite belief, that the tenant had been dismissed from his holding, or the servant from his place because of a difference of religious belief, he would allow them to say, his actions did not correspond with his words. In that time he had done what in his power lay to reconcile and harmonise the warring principles of faction, to sweeten the cup of woe, and to exalt the down-trodden and unfortunate, and if another advice were required at his hands he would repeat, "a new commandment I give unto you that ye love one another." (Immense cheering. He ought, perhaps, to apologize for thus alluding to himself, but Heaven forbid that he should do so from a spirit of paltry egotism. It was for this purpose that he wished to exhibit them the inmost recesses of his heart, and to show it with love glowing for the whole human family. He rejoiced that a great change had taken place in Ireland. Their jails and bridewells were nearly all empty. Ireland, a country that had bled and groaned with the woes of centuries, had now left behind her long and dreary night of folly, and emerged into the sunshine of bright and glorious day. The means which had hitherto been successfully used to keep her people ignorant, divided, enslaved, might now be tried in vain, for she had become moral and temperate. He now reckoned more than five million of tee-totallers in Ireland, and he was confident that the sun in his course did not shed his rays upon a purer or more moral body of men, (cheers.) The records of the late assizes prove it. With the exception of one barony in the county of Tipperary, the decrease of crime had been a theme for approbation of all the judges; and though there had been rumors that the tee-totallers had been unfaithful to their pledge; it could be proved by reference to facts in any part of Ireland, that not one in a thousand had been base enough to break through their solemn covenant. (loud cheers.) Their own Mr. Smith of Deanston, when at a late Cattle-show in Cork, had taken a tour through the different streets and alleys of the city, and acknowledged with satisfaction that he had not met one individual in whom was the breath or perfume of intoxicating liquors; and that was surely satisfactory evidence of the good effects of tee-totalism. It was pleasing also that they had in Ireland a society of all classes for this great work. Numbers in the higher ranks of life had joined that society from the best and purest motives, that they might produce good in others. For this purpose his Grace, the Duke of Leicester, had joined, and many others of rank and respectability. Nearly the whole of the Catholic Clergy had become members, and he was happy to say that a great many Presbyterians, Episcopalians and Dissenters had enrolled themselves under its spotless banners, (hear and cheers.) It was sorely the duty of all to show a good example in this respect. He was also happy to inform them that the females of Ireland of the higher and middle ranks had not refused their countenance and support, (loud cheers and long.) When in Dublin, administering the pledge, in Bryanstone square, he happened to allude to the necessity and importance of the ladies doing their duty in this respect, when he was told that if they could get a convenient place, a number of them would take the pledge. A meeting was called in the Royal Exchange, and five hundred ladies enrolled themselves tee-totallers, (great applause.) As he had already told them a society had commenced in the city of Cork by the Society of Friends, with whom he had joined. Their progress, however, at the commencement was slow. For the first month not more than twenty members had joined them. It was then that he had visited Limerick, and a great impetus indeed was given to the cause. In a short space of time more than 200,000 people, as if by some hidden impulse, rushed from every part of the province of Ulster to take the pledge, and from weakly infancy, their society all at once sprang into vigorous manhood. Now that they had branches of it in every town in Ireland. It was said they owed their success at first to the warm and ardent temperament of the inhabitants of the south, and that it would be different when they came to the north. Such was not the case, however. Differences of religious or constitutional character, made no difference in the progress of the movement. From one end of the country to the other it had been one glorious triumph of their principles, (cheering.) Persons of all ranks, creeds and professions come forward, and in Ireland he had no doubt their association would be permanent. On this subject Dr. Channing of Boston, "The Ireland of the past has disappeared, the crime and drunkenness and folly

which disgraced her once had passed away, and a new Ireland has sprung forth, untainted by the views of its parent. (cheers.) This day, he could assure his Scottish friends, had been one of the happiest of his life. His fondest expectations as to the progress of the cause, in this quarter, were more than realized. He could scarcely have dreamed of the appearance of their meeting that day. It had always been his hope that temperance would have a beautiful chain to unite all the people of this empire in one fraternal bond of charity and brotherly love, and he was happy to see that his anticipations were not disappointed. He felt truly grateful for the honor they had that night shown him; in fact he would have been entirely overpowered, but for the consciousness that it was not paid to him so much as to the great and glorious cause of which he was the humble impersonation. Notwithstanding the rapid progress of this cause, and the unprecedented success of their exertions, they had still much to do, and he along with them had yet many difficulties to encounter. It was gratifying to him, however, to be thus received, by such great bodies of his countrymen, and his path through life would be assuredly illuminated by rays scattered from that day's glory."

Having finished his speech he sat down amidst the loud cheers and enthusiastic plaudits of the multitude. At the solicitation of many of the audience, Father Mathew came down from the hustings to receive the congratulations and hand-shaking well-wishes of the assembly, and it was a pleasing fact that the ladies were most forward in this kindly mode of exhibiting themselves. The interesting proceeding did not terminate until quite late in the evening.

The labors of Father Mathew were not wholly confined to the cause of Temperance, for we find him engaged in every good word and work wherein he might hope to meliorate the condition of the laboring classes. After his return from Scotland the operate bakers of Cork, determined to present him with an address on his arrival for his recent exertions to deliver them from the slavery of night work For these efforts on their behalf they presented him with the following address, which was read to him by Mr O'Neil.

"Very Rev. Sir—In gratefully acknowledging the immense benefits conferred on us, in common with our countrymen, by your Apostolic labors, we only echo what is already acknowledged by the whole civilized world. Through your miraculous exertions our beloved country has been rescued from the foul besotting sin of drunkenness, and all its concomitant evils, and placed in a regenerated position, the first in virtue and morality amongst the nations of the earth. You have brought peace and comfort to the abodes of vice and misery, and taught the conscience hardened drunkard to know himself and look heavenward. For these exertions the prayers of millions will call down blessings on the name of Mathew.

"The operative bakers of Cork have other reasons for thus publicly pouring out before the tribute of their heartfelt gratitude. They have seen you standing forward and raising your benevolent voice to aid him in getting rid of the monstrous system of night-work to which they are subjected, a labor alike in direct opposition to the third commandment of Almighty God, to the rights of nature, to the opinion of the medical faculty, and to the wishes of the humane and benevolent of all classes. As children, trusting in a beloved father, do we hope and trust in you; to your guardianship we freely confide our cause, being confident that in your keeping and advocacy it will meet the heartfelt sympathy of the public, which will make it ultimately accepted; thereby banishing forever the fruitful source of disease and death, and consequent misery and destitution to our families.

"Praying that you years may be prolonged for the continued good of mankind, until the unspotted banner which you have reared in the ruins of intemperance, embraces within its ample folds every caste and every color; and when it shall please the Almighty God to call you hence, may the remembrance of the good done to mankind be as a beacon light, cheering you on your passage to a glorious immortality."

To this address Father Mathew replied that the support he had given to the abolition of night-work, arose from the manner in which he had seen hundreds of men taken away from their families, and severing the ties of nature, without having necessity for so doing. He had eaten bread that morning for breakfast of yesterday's baking, and he found it more wholesome than the bread baked this day; he believed it was the opinion of the medical faculty, that bread sixteen or twenty four hours baked was more wholesome than fresh bread; and if this

resolution was acted on, generally, it would be injurious to no one; the bakers would soon be relieved from the unwholesome system of work of which they now complain. He would call on the Mayor to convene a meeting of the citizens, to lay before them the unintentioned injury they were doing to an industrious body of men, and to induce them to enter into resolutions to that effect. He had entered unsolicited into their cause, and he would use all exertions to remedy this evil of which they had so much reason to complain.

We see by the above movement that although Father Mathew was the great advocate of Temperance, and all his powers seemed to be engrossed in this cause, yet he had an eye to search out every abuse, and a heart to feel for every woe. His great object was to make his countrymen better, and to relieve them from every want.

When he returned to Cork from his visit to Scotland, his reception shows how much those, who were best acquainted with him, honored, loved and respected him. We want no better evidence of a man's character than this public demonstration of his neighbors. It is sometimes the case in this world that a man may become famous abroad while at home in his own immediate neighborhood, he is but lightly esteemed. It was not so with Father Mathew. He was, it is true, considered great abroad, and his fame was spread all over the civilized world, and for the very good and substantial reason that he was beloved at home by all classes, high and low, rich and poor, for his meekness, kindness and Christian benevolence.

The Cork Examiner gave a glowing description of his public entry into Cork after his successful visit to Scotland. It was a glorious spectacle—that of an admiring and grateful people, of all ranks, proceeding in countless thousands to welcome back to their walls an illustrious fellow citizen, humble and meek in disposition, but exalted in every good word and work—whose fame is as boundless as the globe—whose pure and Christian charity is unalloyed by the narrow jealousies of creed or party, and whose labors in the cause of humanity have been unparallelled in their nature and in their result.

Short as was the notice afforded for preparation, the spectacle was a magnificent and splendid one, not from decorations, nor trapping, but from the mighty masses who poured forth at an early hour of the day from the city towards the appointed place of meeting the Apostle, and hailing him on his triumphant return from Scotland. The members of the different Temperance rooms wore either scarfs, sashes or rosettes, together with their medals, and nearly all bore wands, decorated with white or pink ribbons. Most all the bands of music were dressed in uniforms, some of them remarkable for their richness, others for lightness and exceedingly fine taste, and many, especially those who had received the advantage of good instruction, played the finest pieces of music in a manner which clearly evidenced the vast intellectual capability of the humbler and hitherto neglected classes of the Irish people.

Long before the arrival of the Limerick mail at the appointed place, the different societies, headed by their bands, were formed into line of procession, and also the private and hired carriages, the cars and other vehicles. Some time having elapsed, the shout went from man to man, like a spark of electricity through the dense mass. "He's coming! He's coming!" and there arose one wild, enthusiastic outburst of feeling—one prolonged shout of joy, as the coach drove up, and, passing through a living lane of human beings, stopped at the usual place of changing horses for the last stage. Again and again did the heavens echo with the shout as Father Mathew meekly descended from the coach, and, escorted by a number of gentlemen, entered the carriage of his worship the Mayor. He looked fresh, healthy and untired as ever, as if he had never encountered the wonderful fatigues to which his glorious mission of charity and love so constantly exposed him.

No sooner did the Mayor receive him into his carriage than the people pressed forward with great earnestness to see him, to touch him, or to hear his voice. The bands struck up with great spirit, and again the multitudes sent up to the heavens their cry of welcome to the moral emancipator of their country. Soon the word was given to march, and the mighty mass moved on in measured step to the thrilling music of the bands. On old Dublin hill immense multitudes were awaiting the arrival of the procession, and the hero of the day. At this place a beautiful archway was formed with green boughs and flowers, and variously colored flags. As the carriage reached Patrick street, the masses became so dense that it was diffic lt for

the procession to wind its way through the struggling, enthusiastic and untiring crowds. The appearance of Patrick street presented a sublime spectacle—the waving sea of human heads—the banners; the carriages; the windows filled with beautiful women waving their white handkerchiefs; the gay crowd shouting and cheerfully struggling onwards.

The procession halted for a moment before the Chamber of Commerce, the windows of which were filled with gentlemen who cheered loudly and waved their hats for Father Mathew, who returned the courtesies and affectionate greeting which he received on all sides. The gigantic mass again halted on the Grand Parade, opposite the Statue, when several distinguished gentlemen, deputed for the purpose, presented Father Mathew with an eloquent, feeling, enthusiastic address which was read amidst thunders of applause.

After the reading of the address, Father Mathew proceeded to address the multitude, and was greeted with tremendous cheering, and waving of handkerchiefs, which continued nearly a quarter of an hour. Silence at last being restored, the great Apostle said, "Mr. Mayor, brother tee-totallers, and dearly beloved friends, citizens of Cork, I feel my bosom swell with rapture at this moment, (loud cheers.) Feelings unutterable throb within my breast, not through the gratification of any personal vanity, but for the sake of the glorious cause in which my feelings are wrapped up, and for whatever toils, as your excellent address states, I might have undergone, or labors endured for the last twenty seven years that I have lived amongst you as a humble minister of religion, I feel myself amply rewarded at the present moment, a reward far superior to any desert of mine, (loud cries of no, no, and renewed cheers which lasted some minutes,) I cannot express my feelings—language is inadequate. The honor is so great and unexpected—for until this very morning I had no idea that such a spectacle as this would be presented to my eyes on my approach to the city, not of my birth, but of my adoption, (tremendous cheering and waving of handkerchiefs.) I should, had I been aware that such an address as this would be presented, have been better prepared; however, you will have the plain sentiments of my heart instead of eloquent language. I thank you for this welcome. I assure you that whatever may be my toil, my feelings are those of love for the whole human family. I have come from Scotland with a far humbler opinion of myself, and of my feeble efforts in the great cause, but with feelings far more exalted than before. I never witnessed such a sacrifice of self to the principles of true virtue, as was displayed by the people of Scotland. I felt proud, my friends, of the affection displayed in my own person for the people of Ireland. I was in Scotland the representative of the people of Ireland, and as such received the great greeting of more than two hundred thousand persons, on the Green of Glasgow. We had persons assembled there from the most distant parts—Edinburgh, Ayr, Sterling and distant Aberdeen, to swell the number on that great occasion. It is unnecessary for me to allude to the great effects that followed that day's proceedings; they speak for themselves, and here the vast assemblage—the presence of the high, the moral and the good of our city to grace this proceeding, speak trumpet-tongued for our society, (tremendous cheering.) At this late hour of the day I will not detain you longer than to assure you again of my gratitude, and to tell you that I will devote the remainder of my life to your service and to that of the community at large. I have made it the study of my life without distinction of creed or politics, to do good to all; for I never conceived why we should feel enmity to any man, no matter what his religion; I do not say this from any miserable egotism, but rather from a desire to bare the feelings of my heart before you. (hear) We may differ on controversial points, but we should all value the lesson of the holy gospel. A new commandment I give to you, that you should all love one another. I trust that as temperance has made us a people, that it will also—and I have seen one instance of it here this day, persons of all creeds and politics uniting—prove a bright and golden chain, uniting all persons in one bond of union, and by this means make us all happy."

He closed his address amidst the loud cheers of the multitude. The above is but a very imperfect sketch of his speech on this august occasion, but there is enough to show the feeling and motives which constantly governed his heart. After this the procession poured along its living masses down the South Mall, and over Parliament bridge to the humble dwelling of this extraordinary man, before whose door, for hours, thousands

of the members of the temperance society were assembled, listening to the music of the bands, exchanging congratulations, and cheering at intervals in honor of Father Mathew. Few men in this world ever received such enthusiastic and heartfelt honors as were showered on him at this time. It is true military chieftans have been honored with triumphal arches and great displays, but the hearts of the masses were not so deeply engaged as on this occasion. Thousands of all ages and sexes he had been instrumental in making happy, and they felt, deeply felt, their hearts stirred with gratitude to their benefactor. Among the philanthropists, whose successful zeal has shed lasting lustre on the dark history of human imperfection, few, if any, however, appeared whose memories will be longer cherished than Father Mathew's. He has enjoyed the peculiar and almost providential privilege of benefitting mankind by teaching them to benefit themselves. Unaided and alone, this extraordinary man has, by his individual efforts, subdued the hydra of intoxication, and produced results which no living mortal ever accomplished.

CHAPTER X.

To show how the cool, calculating, shrewd people of Germany view the subject of our biography, we extract the following from a literary journal published at Leipsic. "Father Mathew has indeed wrestled with the evil genius of his country. He has triumphed over the demon of inebriety—thousands are rescued from destruction—poverty is stripped of half its horrors—insurrection is disarmed—the pangs of the dying are soothed—the wild accents of dissipation are hushed—for the Irish are a sinful, sorrowing people, torn and crushed by calamity; that withered every wholesome impulse—paralysed every noble effort, and spread sedition, like a devastating pestilence, over the suffering land.

Scrupulously neat in externals, it is evident that he does not disdain the elegancies of life, and his courteous deportment to all classes is of that pure and evangelical nature which "vaunteth not itself." Except when he is speaking the words of his Divine master, he is always and ever the humble Friar, vowed to abstinence and forbearance; but this humility is sanctified, dignified and glorified by the great and noble work so successfully achieved.

After describing the effect of Father Mathew's first appearance at Cork as the great advocate of Temperance, a writer thus describes a scene in which he was a participator.

"It was indeed a spirit-stirring scene, youth and age, health and disease, fathers, mothers, and small children, gibbering idiots, helpless cripples, and whining mendicants. Hither and thither in the group stood some sturdy drunkard, and still half intoxicated with the preceding orgie; while apart from the crowd knelt some pale, suffering wife, ready to forswear a vice which had proved her bane. Some from necessity, some for example, some through pity, all through hope, knelt with one accord, their hands outstretched, and even raised to the radiant countenance that beamed upon them with affectionate commiseration. They listened with silent awe to the mild exhortation that fell from the reverend lips of Father Mathew. He spoke as one from above. The fervent discourse acquired even a charm from the slight national intonation with which he addressed the assemblage. He dwelt on topics of intense local interest. Depicting the horrors of intemperance under every combination, he recited the dark catalogue of crimes committed under this fatal influence, and held forth the gloomy perspective of banishment and death. He told of hearths laid desolate; of pinching poverty, of alienated affections, of withered energies, and powerless limbs, the dismal train of disease and remorse which must inevitably follow habitual excess. He drew a touching picture of such rustic fame embellished by the kindly bonds of family union. He talked of the manifold comforts resulting from peaceful industry; the blessings of sobriety, and the earthly happiness yet in store for the reformed drunkard.

"Whence sprang the evils of political excitement?" inquired this dauntless advocate. "Whence proceeded the facetious tumults which have for years disturbed the Irish nation? What caused the firm enmities, the bloodshed? What had decimated the lowly firesides of the cottier, adding crime to calamity? What filled the jails, colonised the penal settlements and furnished the gibbet? What rendered prayer unavailing and repentance hopeless, closing the avenues of divine mercy, and casting its venom beyond the grave?" Then, with the deep, penetrating accents of inspiration, the solemn vow was repeated by which the indulgence of intoxicating draughts was renounced forever. A thrill of emotion agitated he hitherto silent specta-

tors, as with one voice, one impulse the many mouthed multitude burst forth in simultaneous responses. The blue vault of heaven re-echoed with the pledge thus given and received, and seemed to glow with renewed beauty on the scene thus consecrated to the glorification of its omnipotent Creator."

"Father Mathew also claims our notice in a more familiar shape. We saw him surrounded by his disciples, with beaming countenance, and imposing attitude, exhorting and encouraging a penitent and prostrate people. We have frequently met him in the cheerful circle of friendly intercourse, and shared in his wise and pleasant converse, free alike from pride, bigotry and superstition."

A few such men, and the distracting scisms of party and prejudice would melt in the warm glow of evangelical benevolence. Embued with the purest spirit of Christianity, he discards all the unholy cavils of form and interpretation, alike fatal to faith as to the exercise of good works. Instead of disputations, controversies upon those points whereon the all wise Creator has cast the veil of his impenetrable mysteries, were the example of Father Mathew kept in view we should experience a holy emulation to advance the temporal and spiritual welfare of our fellow men, following the paths of piety and peace, with a humble hope that the faith evinced during his life may bring forth immortality.

To show how thorough was the work in every neighborhood to which he extended his visits of mercy, we will relate an amusing incident which occurred during one of his excursions through the country. It seems he had, sometime since, visited the town of Balinastoe, where a large number had taken the pledge. He had recently spent three days in a town in the neighborhood, and when riding on a car through a bog in the night time, a little girl came running after him, and calling, "Oh, Father Mathew, give me the pledge, or I'll be instantly murdered."

He caused the car to be immediately stopped, and asked how it was that after he had spent three days at a town where she lived so near, she had not taken the pledge, and now came troubling him at such an unreasonable hour. "Oh, Father Mathew," she replied, "give me the pledge, for I am the only one in all the bog of Balinasloe that has not taken the pledge. No one who has taken the pledge will steal turf, and every one that wants to steal turf, gets me to do it; and if you do not give me the pledge I will be murdered for stealing turf."

This little incident shows with what reverence and religious awe his countrymen regarded the pledge. Its power not only extended to make them temperate, but also to make them honest in their dealings. It seems from the fears this little girl expressed that the pledge was a sort of talisman to keep off every evil. No doubt it was regarded with superstitious fear by a large portion of those to whom it was administered. Before this little girl had received it, she was a sort of privileged character to steal turf, and do many other things which those who had taken it dared not do; but this furnishes no evidence against the pledge. It was a simple instrument, but in the hands of Father Mathew it had become powerful in pulling down the strong holds of Alcohol. With this, simple as it is, he has given a fresh impulse to the hearts of men; a new form, and a new destiny to the affairs of his countrymen. It has truly proved a great miracle in the moral world, and the more we think of it the greater is our wonder at its power over the hearts of human beings, and the more firmly are we convinced that it is an instrumentality specially blessed of Heaven for the good of the world. There can be no question among reasonable, thinking men and women, that Father Mathew is a chosen agent to carry on this good, great, glorious revolution. It has thus far received his undivided heart and attention. Having no wife or children to love; no family cares to engross his mind, and no desire for the riches of this world, he has devoted the powers of his whole heart to this heavenly cause. Free from the cares and embarrassment under which most men labor; with an intellect of the first order, and a heart strongly embued with a love for the whole human race, he was peculiarly well fitted and prepared for this great agency to which, in the order of Providence, his Heavenly Father has called him. How far his power will extend, or whether he will live to see the final consummation of the work he has been prosecuting with such signal success are questions which lie far behind human ken, and are only known to Him who has numbered the very hairs upon our heads.

The preceding pages indicate the progress of temperance in a European State. It is hardly possible to estimate too highly the beneficial consequences of the mission of Father Mathew.

If we look at the moral results, we perceive a whole nation renouncing habits to which they were supposed to be attached not only by custom, but by a peculiar physical and social organization. For a whole people suddenly to renounce a custom so inveterate and general as to have been regarded by the world as a national characteristic is no ordinary miracle; and when we reflect upon the peculiar nature of the habit of intemperance, the salutary influences of such renunciation on moral and religious character must be of eminent importance.

But it is not only as a moral and Christian Reformer that Father Mathew is to be regarded. We have not infrequently thought that history will have to record him equally distinguished as a *statesman*. One primary blemish in the Irish character has been the artificial stimulation of their impulsive and combative natures to such excess as to "perplex and dash the maturest counsels" that could be devised for their benefit. But this difficulty appears now to be nearly or quite removed—in the temperance campaign the Irish have achieved a double victory. They have not only renounced the *material* which has caused so much disaster; but they appear at the same time to have disciplined their minds with the feeling of sober thought, and habit of endurance, and, (if we may so say) of *political abstinence*, of which they have heretofore been thought incapable. Witness the stoical fortitude by which the huge masses, that convened on their monster meetings, remained passive in circumstances which would have incited to tumultuous action almost any other nation; and which, in former times would have rendered Ireland one general field of blood. It is impossible wholly to vindicate the Irish character from the charge of being irascible and impulsive, but, perhaps, it will hereafter be thought, that much of those qualities are owing to external rather than internal causes. Be that as it may, it is now proved that they are as capable of *fortitude* as of courage. We intend not to introduce into these few closing remarks anything that may be considered as partaking of party politics; nor shall we at present enter upon the subject of *Repeal*. We trust, however, that all persons—certainly all who have opened the book of history; will admit that Ireland has been grievously oppressed. So incontestable is this statement, that that sturdy old tory, Sam Johnson, who was as exclusive a John Bull as can well be imagined; even *he* admitted its truth, in the most unreserved terms, we shall, therefore, assume that the statement is true. The question then occurs, why have not those abuses been redressed?

The answer is partly to be found in the encroaching character of Great Britain. We are not of that number who decry the character of an Englishman; on the contrary we think them possessed of eminent qualities and virtues. *But*, they have their peculiar vices, of which a haughty, domineering spirit is a principal one, and one which is unanimously ascribed to them by the people of this country, and of the Continents of Europe. In short, the national fault, or rather sin, of England is an inflated and injurious self esteem. Their insular position, dense population and mercantile usages have also contributed to render them selfish in no ordinary degree.

To these causes, then, we may in part ascribe their refusal to redress the wrongs of Ireland. But an equally difficult cause is to be found in the former character of the Irish nation. The *public opinion* of a drunken people carries no weight; is accompanied by no influence, But how differently will sound, in the ears of Princes, the voice of Irish myriads, when known to proceed from cool and deliberative heads as well as courageous hearts.

They know but little of history or human nature, who think that *such a voice* will not be heard amid the councils of cabinets. It *will* be heard and respected; and some portion, at least, will be accorded to it of its due importance. We have no space on this occasion to enlarge on this head; but we are fully impressed with the belief that in connexion with views like these, Father Mathew is to be regarded not more as an eminent moral reformer than as an illustrious and successful *statesman*; a statesman who will have procured for his country more signal and lasting benefits than could have been accomplished by any amount of military apparatus.

But however expedient it may have been for Ireland to renounce her alcoholic god, we maintain that such renouncement is at least as necessary for our own Republic.

Liberty and alcohol cannot co-exist. By a divine ordinance they are antagonistical to each other. Universal suffrage has made every man an effective instrument for weal, or for woe in our national affairs.

Some meditative persons have con-

sidered universal suffrage as the pioneer to anarchy; to be succeeded, as in ancient times, by a more astringent form of government. Such it may become by abuse; and such it must necessarily become when the sacred trust of suffrage is exercised by a people besotted by alcohol.

But on the other hand, may not universal suffrage in the hands of a *sober* people, be the pioneer of a better order of things?

May it not induce those who possess wealth and influence to exert themselves to the utmost—from self-interest if from no higher motive—to bestow on the people the conservative blessings of intellectual, of moral and of religious instruction. If the people possess so much *power*, they should possess also wisdom and virtue—in other words the elements of education should be sowed broad cast among the American people. After all the learned treaties of diplomatists, the true and only true principles of a just conservatism are the simple verieties of the Gospel. Behold, then, ye men of money and talents, your mission in this age and country. It is to make every elector an educated and good man; and then this very universal suffrage may in the hands of Providence, be the means of making us a *pattern people* for imitation of the old world. That the voice of the people is the voice of God, is an ancient saying; however this may be repudiated in a theological view, it may to some extent be recognized as applicable to political matters. How judicious hen ought to be the utterances of that mighty voice;—how just and wise ought that people to be of which every individual is an elector.

It is useless further to argue this point; the mind that refuses to receive the sacred truth that "he that ruleth men should be just;" fearing God and obeying his will—cannot be assailed by the weapons of logic. It is not the head of such men, but the heart that requires amelioration. They that rule the men of this country, are the men themselves. The inference is inevitable then for the success of our great experiment of free government, the great mass of individuals must be sober, and good men.

The period has scarcely passed away when the wise and venerable patriots of the country had fearful forebodings that the great experiment of Liberty, to which we have alluded, was about to terminate in failure.

The grim monarch of Alcohol yearned to be triumphant and the people appeared willing, as humble and degraded slaves—to submit to his hellish sceptre. Glory be to God that his saving grace has intervened and has wounded the monster (as we devoutely hope) to the death. Oh! my countrymen—let not his deadly wound be healed—he has done things worthy of death and ought not refuse to die. Let us all remember that on us are devolved weighty responsibilities. The hope of the Eastern world reposes on the West:—let us be true to our trust, and we know of no better way of so doing than for us all to be *Temperance men*;—"and to Temperance add Godliness."

Carpet Warehouse!

GEO. ALEX BREWER,

IS CONSTANTLY RECEIVING AT HIS

Carpet Store, No. 28 Court St., (first door west of the Court House,) Boston,

LARGE SUPPLIES OF THE EOLLOWING GOODS, VIZ :

ENGLISH BRUSSELS CARPETS.

In all their variety of patterns and qualities. Super three-ply, Superfine, Fine and common ingrain Carpets from the most celebrated Factories in the country. Damask, Twilled and striped Venetian Carpets. Painted Carpets of all widths of the latest patterns and warranted perfectly hard and dry. Straw Carpets of various kinds. Brussels Stair carpets. 2-4—5-8 and 3-4 Damask, Twilled add Striped Venetion Stair Carpets.

Rugs, Matts, Binding, Thread, Stair Rods, &c. &c.

Elegant Chenille Hearth Rugs. Patent, Tufted, and Brussels Hearth Rugs. Chenelle, Tufted, Manilla Hair Door Matts. English Figured Bockings. Carpet Paper. Carpet Binding and Thread. Button, Oval and Round Stair Rods, &c. &c.

The above comprises one of the most perfect assortments of goods in the Carpet line to be found in this city and all the goods will be sold at the very lowest market prices.

Purchasers are particularly invited to call and examine for themselves, before making their selections from other places.

SUMMER & FALL GOODS.

J. W. APPLETON & CO.,

47 HANOVER STREET, 47

Would respectfully invite the particular attention of the public, to their splendid and most extensive assortment of the richest and most fashionable styles of

DRY GOODS,

ever offered in this market,embracing a great variety of rich, cheap,and elegant goods of every description, suitable for an extensive retail trade, and to purchasers, great inducements are offered in regard to price, which they pledge themselves shall be as low as at any house in this city. Attention is called to the

FOLLOWING ARTICLES.

BALZORINES, Extra Rich, entirely new style, just received, various qualities.
BROCHE SHAWLS, a large assortment of black, white, and mode colored so Mouslin de lain, Merino, Barage Shawls, &c.
FRENCH KID GLOVES, best manufacture, black, white and colored ; also, Silk and Thread Gloves, &c.

Broadcloths---English, French and American Cloths,

Black, blue, brown and mixt ; Superfine, medium and low qualities. Fine and low priced Cassimeres, do. do. Satinetts, together with the first quality, newest patterns of Vestings, in which we defy competition.

Also, black and blue black Bombazines, superfine drab, etc., plaid and hair corded Cambroons, bleached and brown Sheetings, 5000 yard of Prints ; black and colored Velvets, etc. etc.

Cheap and Fashionable Boot & Shoe Store,

Is connected with the above establishment where Ladies and Gentlemens fashionable Boots and Shoes, will be sold at very low prices ; they are made in the very latest styles, by first rate workmen, and are warranted not to be surpassed by any in the city.

STRANGERS

WILL SAVE MONEY

DURING THE

Months of September and October

BY PATRONIZING THE

United States Furnishing Depot,

NO. 38 WASHINGTON ST,

This Furnishing Store is now fitted with choice and well selected goods, expressly imported for this house by the proprietor, who is determined to spare no pains to render the fame it has already acquired increasingly merited.

Having the double advantage therefore of importing my own goods and selling for Cash, it can be seen at a glance this establishment has well earned the name of the

CHEAP CASH STORE.

On hand, and constantly receiving from abroad and our own home markets, the following Goods, suitable for a laborer, mechanic, tradesman, or a man of leisure.

READY MADE LINEN, SHIRTS, BOSOMS, AND COLLARS.

HOSIERY—Lamb's wool, Vigonia, Syria, Angola, Merino, Woolen, Cotton, Silk, Worsted, and Shaker.

GLOVES—Kid, Wash-leather, Castor, Buck Skins, Silk, Lisle, Linen, Cotton, Berlin, Fur, heavy driver's Buck Skin and Dog skin, all qualities.

NECK SCARFS—Silk, Satin, Barathea, Silk and Worsted, Silk and Cotton, and Alpacca, of beautiful styles, some of which are not to be found in any other store in this city.

CRAVATS.—All the conceivable styles, fabrics, and combination of colors which are made, from Cambric to the most beautiful Satin figured damask.

NECK STOCKS—manufactured from Bombazine, Silk, Satin, colored and plain, different styles, such as ties, bows, cross based, plaited and plain, very cheap.

SUSPENDERS—Goodyear's Self-rebounding, English, French and American India Rubber, Cotton Web, Worsted do.; Knit Cotton and Worsted, Silk, Kentucky, Buck Skin, Calf Skin and Morocco, at astonishingly cheap prices.

UNDER GARMENTS.—The greatest variety to be found in this city. Silk, Worsted, Cotton, Angola, Flannel, Knit, Merino, Webster, Royal Ribbed, Wash leather and Vigonia. Also—the Shaker Shirts and Drawers, Crane's ribbed do., and the celebrated Webster do.; which will be sold exceedingly cheap.

Pocket Hdkfs, Purses, Straps, Suspender Ends, Tailor's Chalk and Tapes, Smoking, Study, Night and Bathing Caps, Hair, Tooth, Flesh and Clothes Brushes, Razor Strops, Riding Belts, Shoulder Braces, Cologne, Soaps, &c. &c.

All the above Goods are for sale by the quantity, or at retail, at

INCONCEIVABLY CHEAP PRICES, BY

T. R. Hawley,

AT HIS

UNITED STATES FURNISHING DEPOT.

No. 38 Washington Street---Boston.

OSGOOD BRADBURY.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

OFFICE—14 STATE STREET, BOSTON,

OVER THE DAILY MAIL OFFICE.

Boston Public Library
Central Library, Copley Square

Division of
Reference and Research Services

The Date Due Card in the pocket indicates the date on or before which this book should be returned to the Library.

Please do not remove cards from this pocket.